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A SPIRITUAL SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

Translated by George MacDonald.

When in hours of fear and failing,
All but quite our heart despairs;
When, with sickness driven to wailing,
Anguish at our bosom tears;
When our loved ones we remember;
All their grief and trouble rue;
And the clouds of our December
Let no beam of hope shine through;

Then, oh then! God bends him o'er us;
Then his love grows very clear;
Long we heavenward then—before us
Lo, his angel standing near!
Fresh the cup of life he reaches;
Whispers courage, comfort new;
Nor in vain our prayer beseeches
Rest for the beloved too.

BAUM, THE CORNET-PLAYER.

In the old University Theatre of B— there was once an orchestra of surpassing strength and brilliancy. Its principal performer and its strongest stay was an old-fashioned white-haired gentleman, who was fastidiously ancient in his dress and deportment. He was a pianist, and he was blind. He was also a part proprietor of the theatre. His name was Krömer. He always wore a blue coat with large brass buttons, a wide collar which half enveloped his closely-cropped head, and an amplitude of flowing skirts which, when the wind was high, made a sail of such persuasive power that his thin legs could hardly hold their own against it. His neck-cloth was always large and purely white. Golden seals depended from his yellow vest, and he carried a cane which bore a silken tassel and a serpent in carnelian.

In his younger days people had told him that he resembled Burr, for his face was excellent, his chin sharp, and his complexion beautifully clear. He often sighed that custom forbade him a wig, and as a compensation he brushed his thick hair straight up from his forehead, and even in his sixtieth year steadfastly continued to be a dandy. He occupied choice apartments with his daughter, the bright remnant of a large family, and upon the whole lived a happy life until the thought of a son-in-law arose to disturb his peace of mind and to plague his ambition.

His sad infirmity had early demanded that he should have a companion in the busy streets through which he was obliged to pass on his way to the theatre, and the skillful cornet-player, Frederic Baum, at once offered his perpetual services, for he lodged in the same house. These services were gratefully accepted, and for several years the two men tramped backwards and forwards between their homes and their places of work, walking arm-in-arm; Frederic tenderly supporting his cornet-case, and Krömer constantly tapping the walk in front with the iron ferule of his cane.

Baum was an ugly man. His eyes were gray, his nose was large and red, and the constant blowing upon his difficult instrument had raised puffs of muscles and flesh which resembled the effects of drink, though a more abstemious man than Baum never lived.

All the unhandsome attributes of Baum's person were, however, thickly gilded; one soon forgot his unhappy eye and dismal face, and learned to sum him up from what they heard rather than from what they saw; and the result was generally favorable to Baum, for he had a rich voice and a graceful tongue.

Krömer's daughter gradually became a beautiful woman, and it began to dawn upon the father that he had now another duty to perform besides thrumming upon his piano in the orchestra.

Baum, being in full possession of his sight, had marked the advance of Krömer's daughter upon the stage, and had formed the natural plan of marrying her, though as yet he kept his hopes tight within his own bosom. He was by no means sure that his path to Margaret's affections would be the clearest that man had traveled, and he contented himself at the outset with treating her with the most scrupulous respect.

With Krömer, however, he kept on with be-



"A PRETTY NOSEGAY."

ter success. Baum was a careful man, and he therefore set himself to the task of discovering the true state of his friend's affairs before he made any real onslaught upon the wayward affections of the daughter.

The revelations were pleasing in the highest degree. The old gentleman had made excellent profits out of his music, and had fingered the keys of his mighty piano to some substantial good. Baum was delighted, and the sole subject of conversation between the two men now became lands and bonds, and the pleasures of the orchestra faded into the background.

But Krömer's mind often reverted to his daughter; she was now twenty-one, and was fit to be married. She cared little or nothing for company, and seemed happiest when she could find some new pleasure or comfort for her father. Krömer knew that this was a mistake, and so he began to cast about him for a candidate for his treasure. He determined to call in the aid of that keen reasoner and clear seer, his friend Baum.

Therefore, in consequence of an arrangement made between them, Baum presented himself in the apartments of Krömer on a pleasant evening after the performance at the theatre. It was moonlight, and the lofty parlor which constituted the main apartment of Krömer's suite had no other illumination. Upon a table in an embrasure of a long window stood a large decanter and a pair of long-stemmed glasses.

Krömer felt the brilliant glow upon his face and was silent, while Baum quietly contemplated a picture made by a beautiful church-spire opposite.

Presently Baum reached for one of the glasses and began to turn it around and around in his fingers, for he began to reflect upon the subject of his visit. Nervousness filled him to the brim as he asked himself what right he had to expect that Krömer would pitch upon him, and still he could bring no one else to his mind who had ever met the notice of either the old gentleman or his daughter. Now his hope arose and now it sank.

He observed the calm face of Krömer from the corners of his eyes. The old gentleman sat with folded hands in the soft moonlight, smiling gently at his own conceit.

"My dearest friend Baum," said he finally in a deliberate whisper, but with the buoyancy of a man who has a treasured secret in reserve, "I trust you have a high idea of what we are about to decide. It is the welfare and happiness of my most lovely daughter. Reach me your hand over the table."

Baum did so reluctantly, for he felt that it was damp with perspiration, and that it was tremulous in spite of himself.

"Now let us go on rapidly," continued Krömer, readjusting himself. "I will mention several promising men, and you will be kind enough to say anything which strikes you concerning them; that is, if you know them; if not, you will say nothing. I have the peace of my daughter so nearly at heart that I will listen as closely to what you say as if you were an oracle."

"May I light a cigar before we commence?" asked Baum.

"Certainly," replied Krömer.

By this artifice Baum got his hand to himself and kept it. He also retired a few inches from

the table in order to be able to tremble without chance of discovery; that is, supposing Krömer should agitate him by what he was about to say.

Krömer began by calling the name of a certain rich cabinet-maker who lived over the way. Baum laughed immoderately at this mention, and another smile flitted even over the serious face of Krömer.

"I hardly wonder that you laugh, now that I think of it," said he. "It would indeed be an ill-judged thing to ask Margaret to be strictly light-hearted with a man who has the shape of an elephant and the soul of a fox. He is very rich, but he is also very ugly. No, the cabinet-maker will not do. What do you say to that young Frenchman who makes those ingenious artificial flowers?"

"He makes too many artificial flowers," replied Baum; "and he makes them too well. He is infatuated with his art, and labors at it incessantly. He would only use a wife to decorate as a milliner does a lay-figure. She would share his affection with his linen-roses and his foliage of Paris-green. That would not do."

"No, indeed," responded Krömer promptly; "I thought of that myself. To be the best of husbands one must not think wholly of business. What do you say of that stout young Englishman who imports linen?"

"Oh, he thinks too little of business. He is constantly off playing cricket on summer afternoons, and he will soon be poor."

"That's very true. To be a good husband one must not forget to work. Love requires as much money as misery does. Now I incline a little towards that popular romancer who writes so charmingly."

"Then you make an error, friend Krömer. He is not methodical. He believes in inspiration, and consequently he is generally out at the elbows. Besides that, he is lean."

"Yes, that is an objection," responded Krömer slowly. "A woman dislikes a lean man; and besides that, they are inclined to have poor tempers, and their love is as thin as their bodies. This reminds me of the malt-dealer in the next street. He knows Margaret, and I know she attracted him. I do not recall a bad quality there."

"Then you must be singularly misinformed," said Baum with anxiety; "for he is very stout, and he belongs to one of those third or fourth generations spoken of in the Bible."

"Good Heavens," exclaimed the other, "what do you tell me! Is there, then, no one of those I have mentioned who would be a fit husband for my daughter?"

"Not one," said Baum decidedly.

Krömer seemed to reflect for a while, and then he mentioned two other personages; but it happened that Baum had never heard of them, and so he was obliged to allow their names to pass without remark. His spirits rose. He felt sure that his own claims must have occurred to Krömer long before any of these, and he fancied the old gentleman was merely holding the announcement of his name in reserve as a shrewd mother secretes a toy from her child until his desire is aroused to such a pitch that he will enjoy the gift as it deserves.

What Krömer next said tended to increase his hope to a point which was nearly equivalent to certainty.

"We must not stray so far away, friend Baum. How often is it that mankind hunt abroad for rare virtues which have always lain under their noses at home. Now all we want is a sterling heart, a cheerful hand, and a clear conscience; and no one can persuade me that we cannot find them at hand if we look hard."

"I quite agree with you," replied Baum; "no doubt all these virtues, with the additional ones of a comfortable income and a fair amount of talent, not to say genius, are to be had for the mere asking."

"Ay, who knows," responded Krömer thoughtfully. "And besides, how much better it is to select one who has been for a long time under your notice, a friend of some years' standing, and in whose character you cannot pick a flaw."

"True," said Baum with a gasp; "very true."

"What is wealth or beauty," continued Krömer in a flush of generous enthusiasm; "what is wealth and beauty to the sublime qualities of a high ambition which never flags, an ardor which never fails, and a sincerity which never entertained the slightest savor of untruthfulness or double-dealing!"

"Ah, what indeed!" murmured Baum.

"I have met with one such case," said Krömer.

Baum looked out at the steeple with complacency but said nothing, because he felt it would hardly be suitable for him to do so under the circumstances. He was delighted. Here was comfort and joy about to fall into his hands, and his ready imagination made hosts of glowing pictures concerning his future life and the adorable Margaret's. He looked reverentially upon Krömer. He became possessed with a sincere interest in his white hair, and gazed tenderly upon his handsome face. Who would not be proud of such a gentlemanly father?

Krömer finally resumed. His lip quivered. "My dear Baum, it will be hard for you to understand the joy which fills me as my reflections confirm the justice of my decision. I know my daughter will ratify it, for she is devoted to me and she has a great faith in my discretion. She would marry the devil if I advised her to do so."

"I am sure she would," whispered Baum. "But when I point out a true and generous man, I know she will love him with devotion." Krömer's voice trembled with agitation, and the other could not speak, for his mouth was as dry as a corn-husk. "Baum, my dear friend Baum," cried Krömer, "give me your hand again across the table, and congratulate me. You are acquainted with Reinhold Mayer?"

Baum glared like a tiger. "Then," said Krömer, without waiting for a reply, "that is the man."

The fragile glass which Baum still held shivered to fragments in his fingers, and clattered loudly upon the table and the floor. His hand had closed upon it, and the flesh of his palm was pierced in several places. The pain distracted him for a moment, and while he employed himself in stopping the flow of blood he forgot all about Krömer's daughter and her fate. When, however, he was able once more to turn his mind upon her, he found himself tolerably calm, though in a rage at the deceit he had practiced upon himself.

He by no means abated his intent. Here was an obstacle, but it presented itself in no stronger light.

So, as a necessary preliminary to his future conduct, which he felt must be subtle, he contrived to restrain the smallest exhibition of anger or disappointment. He explained the catastrophe of the goblet with a ready invention, and appeased his startled friend.

"But why did you fix your mind upon the strange character you have named?" he asked.

"Because he is a man after my own heart. I am told that he is handsome, and that is an advantage. He has played the first violin in my orchestra for five years, and has never missed a performance or a rehearsal. I hear his kind voice now and then appeasing the infamous quarrels which arise, but I always notice his delightful playing. It is magnificent. He never misconstrues the writer, he never is unfaithful and slack, and he never insults his master by adding flourishes of his own. Such a man will make a good husband, and I know he is ambitious, for he told me he hoped to succeed Kauntz as leader when he dies, and you know the old man is enfeebling himself very fast by over-eating."

Baum remained silent, ruminating over this phase of his affairs and wondering how he might best go on. This thought suddenly occurred to him:

"Why, friend Krömer, this boy does not yet know your daughter?"

"There," hastily responded the other, "that is it; that is the very thing I was coming to. No, he does not know her, and it is somewhat important that he should if he is ever to become her husband. Now, I have thought of a merry little plan to bring them together naturally and socially. To-morrow we shall have no music to play, for, thank Heaven, it will be Sunday. Now, in the afternoon we four can go out together for a day in the Park; and as you and I will be well content to sit under the green trees and listen to the singing-birds with our pipes in our mouths, the other couple will be left entirely free to stroll off wherever they choose, and chatter and ogle as much as they please. They can't help but feeling an interest in each other at once, for they will be stimulated by all the exhilarating charms of nature; the calm and sparkling water, the fragrant summer winds, the blue sky and rustling foliage. Come, Baum, I tell you that is a skilful plan. We shall enjoy ourselves by watching them walk to and fro, and by marking their strengthening acquaintance as they pass before us at various times. Eh! what do you say?"

"I am afraid it will be dry work for us," replied Baum.

"O no, it cannot be dry, for it will be amusing. We will sit and chat, and if conversation flags, we can both drop off into a nap. It will be shady, and they have the very best beer that can be had in the country. We shall enjoy ourselves."

Finally the plan was agreed upon, and Baum carried an invitation to Mayer, who lived frugally in a garret with a little brother, whom he was teaching to play the violoncello as a primary step to that most divine of instruments, the violin.

Mayer accepted the invitation with profuse thanks, which were as evident in his animated eyes as in the words of gratitude which he showered upon his visitor.

Baum went home full of chagrin.

He felt that the labor he was about to enter upon, namely, to induce Krömer to consider him instead of Mayer, must be elaborate and ingenious. At the moment he felt no particular amount of jealousy towards Mayer, for he was

too much absorbed in anger at Krömer, whose oversight of him appeared malleous.

As the night passed on, however, he began to look at matters in a more rational light. He began to imagine that he had been overlooked by Krömer simply because he had been too close a friend and companion to him; that is, Krömer regarded him as merely a very good brother, and therefore ineligible as a son-in-law.

This was comprehensible, and eventually Baum entertained the idea to the exclusion of all others. But the effect was not a happy one, for he no sooner began to excuse Krömer than he began to hate Mayer.

This passion was about as well suited to Baum's temperament as any other on the list. It grew apace, and he cherished it carefully, as a morbid person does a bodily ailment.

His lack of power to recall a blemish in the life and character of Mayer only added fuel to the already noisome flame; and when he was obliged to acknowledge to himself that the young man was a far better and a more aspiring musician than himself, his mortification and rage were hardly restrainable.

But still he went to the picnic with a placid countenance and a voice of uncommon suavity. The day was a brilliant one.

They traveled to the Park by a small boat, which also conveyed a troop of pleasure-hunters like themselves. There was a flageolet-player in the bow, who would cease playing now and then in order to point out the beauties of the scenery as they went along. Occasionally a quartette of very heavy men would sing love-songs, which would echo from one side of the river to the other, and then die away among a hundred distant crags. The sun was bright, and every one seemed happy.

Krömer and his daughter stood together with his arm drawn through hers, and both inhaling the cool air with great delight. The buttons of his coat were refulgent, his neck-cloth was unusually white, and his carriage was even gay. But his daughter was in her glory; she reveled in the music, in the joy of a cloud-like dress, and in the knowledge that the crown gazed upon her admiringly. She smiled, and blushed, and chatted, and look askance upon Mayer with significance.

He sat talking to the observant Baum, who was full of poetry and gall, only the first of which, however, being apparent.

Mayer was handsome but grave. He tried hard to prefer the seductions of Baum's wit and conversation to those of Margaret's glowing eye and airy form, but he failed. She achieved a signal victory, and when they landed they both dissolved their old partnerships and walked off together, leaving Krömer and Baum to go on in company towards a preconcerted rendezvous under the shadow of a pinewood at the water-side.

"Tell me," said Krömer in a whisper; "tell me how matters are going. Have they both struck fire? How do they get on together?"

"Devilishly well," responded Baum, staring hard after them.

"Good. That is really gratifying," said the old gentleman. "She whispered to me in confidence that she knew she must respect him after a short acquaintance. Come, Baum, let us sit down in the shade. Here comes a waiter who will bring us some beer, and I trust you have your pipe."

They did sit down, and before they arose again Krömer was a miserable man.

Baum's circumstances were something like these. He was poor; but he had an elder brother at home who had received the favor of the government for some fine acts of bravery and skill in a certain war, and who had been shrewd enough to turn his position and honors to considerable profit; enough, indeed, to bring into great prominence a score of loving relatives who had hitherto kept themselves secluded. But the brother retained an affection for but one of his family, and had turned his back upon all the rest; this person was our Baum. Baum having quitted his country to try his fortunes in this one, had shown a spirit of independence which only enhanced his brother's respect for him, and therefore Baum's chance of inheritance increased rapidly. It would be a flagrant untruth to say that Baum was at all oblivious of the delights of wealth, or that he was in the least careless of the reports of the effects of age and unaccustomed ease upon his brother's chances for long life. He watched; for Baum was uncommonly hungry for money.

It has been told that he had discovered Krömer's prosperous condition. He had seen that thirty years of unremitting labor and twenty years of parsimony had produced a good state of comfort for the old man and his daughter, and now, having become enamored of Margaret, it was merely necessary to enamor her father of him in order to carry his point. To do this, he began systematically to excite his cupidity.

This, then, was his task when he sat down beside Krömer upon the bench by the river side on that sunny day.

The stream before them was wide and peaceful, the air was soft, birds sang in the trees, children strolled by over the patches of grass, and Krömer was fain to throw open his blue coat, if not to take it off altogether.

Everything was calm. Young men and young women sauntered by in the broad paths, holding each other's hands; gay colors abounded, and the distance was thick with groups of lovers.

Presently Margaret and Mayer appeared. She with downcast eyes, and he swinging his cane as though he was an ancient with a sling.

"Ho, ho," said Baum; "here they come. He

is whispering to her some of that poetry, no doubt. He is full of poetry."

"And does she listen?" hastily demanded Krömer.

"O yes, yes. She drinks it in, as it were. It's poison, dear Krömer, deadly poison. But I tell you it's a pretty sight to see them. She leans upon him, she looks into his face; he softly gesticulates and looks into hers; it's a great pity that they do not own the grounds or one something like them. What delicious pleasure it would be to stroll in one's own garden!"

"Ah yes, indeed," sighed Krömer. Baum permitted him to meditate upon this until the couple reappeared in another bend of the serpentine walk.

"Now I see them again, friend Krömer. How delightful it is! Now he stops and steps to a flower-bed. The happy dog. Now he has picked a rose, and he gives it to her. I can see her cheeks burn from here. But wait—here comes a man in a gray coat with black buttons; he motions towards the bush from which the flower was taken. Mayer is in difficulty. Margaret is ready to cry. Stop—now Mayer slips some money into the man's hand; there—now the man goes away. Doubtless that rose has cost poor Mayer a whole day's earnings. It will pinch him terribly."

"Poor boy," said Krömer. "It is dreadful to live from hand to mouth."

Baum smiled and said nothing. He was pleased to see his friend allow his face to grow grave and his pipe to go out.

Presently the pair came again into view, but this time they were walking away, and their backs were therefore presented to Baum and his companion.

"What a very decent figure Mayer has?" said Baum.

"Has he?" asked Krömer somewhat coldly.

"O, yes, very tolerable, though he dresses it badly; his trousers bag at the knees, his hat is very old, and his coat is misused by time. But Margaret is charming. There is a grace of carriage about her which is intoxicating. Look at the art of her dress, the set of her head. Ah, Krömer, one would imagine you must be a king from the bearing of the daughter."

Weak and foolish Krömer actually aroused himself from his comfortable position and thrust up his head, and in the course of a few moments began acting the king by crossing his arms and keeping his chin in the air. Baum pretended that his attention was drawn to a flower on the edge of the pathway, and he began to deduce from it:

"How often one sees a man or a woman separated from their kinds and planted immovably in the dirt and mire! Some gentle heart or tender soul struggling like this poor daisy in rasping gravel; isolated, bruised, trodden upon and fading for want of company. Love cannot survive when comfort is straitened. Conscience demands compliance, but the soul revolts, the affection grows thin and all the beauties die away." Baum stopped for a moment, meanwhile observing that Krömer was listening to him with great attention, and then he added with a much lighter manner: "Daughters are flowers of the tenderest description, my friend. To transplant them is one of the great responsibilities of life. Humor their old happinesses and don't put them in a scrimping soil." Baum encircled his head in a thick wreath of smoke and hummed an air, while Krömer, leaning upon his cane, began to think he had made a mistake.

A part of the conversation of the other two was interesting, not the whole of it by any means, for the talk of lovers has as defined a taste as milk, and about as much substance. For a single moment both were decently formal, as new acquaintances should be. Then having got out of earshot, said Margaret blithely:—

"O, what a load of wickedness is swept from my overburdened soul by being able to talk with you openly!"

She beamed upon Reinhold, who looked amused.

"And my worn-out brain," said he, "is now relieved from the invention of more subterfuges. We now have no need of that wretched letter-writing, which aggravates rather than assuages. I am sure he never dreamed of what was passing under his eyes."

"Eyes?" said Margaret, pathetically; "you know he has no eyes."

"Well, then, his nose."

"No; I am sure he trusted me implicitly."

"Let me think," pondered Reinhold; "we have been engaged now two months."

"Yes, two months; and have been acquainted ten weeks."

"Very true. Now, upon the whole, I am very glad that matters have gone on as they have. We are free to love or hate as we choose; whereas, before, the delight of cheating somebody, which is human, compelled us to endure each other. But as for my part, I shall keep on as I have commenced, and love you extravagantly."

"And I shall do the same."

"What, Baum to the contrary?"

"Certainly! I detest Baum."

"You are quite right, for Baum is a scoundrel. I have his complete story from first hands, and a miserably bad story it is. To begin with, his name is not Baum, but Kirchoff. He is already married, and his ugly wife was at home in their native town three months ago. He fled from her because, between them, they soon spent all the money she brought, and she was not beautiful enough to suit his fastidious taste. Besides that, she was a shrew of the most savage sort. Kirchoff has a brother who is a rich and newly-fledged baron with forty orders of merit and forty bodily complaints,

which causes the gleam of prospective wealth to fall upon the path of our friend of the cornet. To his credit, my heart's-germ, he perceives your virtues, and at this moment he is doubtless bringing his own to the mind of your father, as they sit together upon the bench yonder. You should tremble when you realize that your beauty has persuaded a man to become a bigamist—if he can."

"Now this is disagreeable," said Margaret, with tears in her eyes. "You talk very rudely to-day; so put this man out of your mind and let us walk down by the water and imagine all this beautiful place to be our own."

"How Baum watches us."

"Then let us delight him by endeavoring to entrance each other."

"I am entranced already," said Mayer helplessly.

"Well," responded Margaret thoughtfully, "I think that I am too. You are a delightful man, Reinhold."

It was at this point that the conversation assumed its milk-like character; all vigor and sense departed, and for a third pair of ears it possessed no charms. They wandered hither and thither like two children. The music seemed to them to be the music of Heaven; the distant grassy hills, the bright flowers on every hand, the happy faces all about them, the sweet perfume of the air, appeared to be a part of Paradise. They chirruped like birds, and while counting the prospects of future troubles upon their fingers, they imagined untold thousands of perpetual joys. They were both ready to sing, but they contented themselves by merely flitting to and fro, chatting and smiling, and wishing the sun might never go down.

The politic Baum contrived to unsettle the peace of Krömer's mind before the time arrived for the party to return.

The pleasures of wealth were never presented so carelessly and yet so powerfully. The vanity of the old man burst out again, and he imagined himself surrounded by luxuries without qualification or stint. He fully regretted his selection of Mayer.

Baum reached his chamber burning with jealousy. No passion is so quick to nerve the languid wickedness of a bad man's heart as this. A man of brains is always harmless under its attacks, but a jealous fool is the most dangerous of brutes. He entered his room pale with the excitement which he had repressed all day. He had been reared under the shadow of a German university, and had caught the spirit of its rufianism without any of its profitable lessons; consequently, when he felt his antagonism to Mayer, his cowardly nature made him instantly dread a personal conflict.

He did not know how to fence, and as he had known disputes to be settled by swords in the German community in which he moved, he felt sure that any quarrel which might arise between him and his enemy would have the same appeal.

Therefore, before he could safely insult this rival, he must take some lessons.

On the succeeding day Mayer led the orchestra at the rehearsal in the morning. This was a new honor, and the young man acquitted himself nobly. Baum's hate was inflamed, and he ran home almost demented. In the afternoon he set out to hunt up a fencing-master, and was directed to one whose rooms were over a wheelwright's shop.

He passed up the stairs and entered. The apartment was hung with gloves, masks, and fells. Targets ornamented the walls, and several padded vests were hung upon hooks bearing their owner's names.

A boy presented himself to Baum and informed him that his master was out, but that the assistant-teacher would wait upon him. The assistant-teacher entered promptly, and Baum turned around to meet him.

It was Mayer.

Baum felt himself blush, but still he contrived to smile and put out his hand.

"What are you fencing-master besides?"

"Yes, I play at night, rehearse at eleven in the morning, and come here at two in the afternoon. It keeps me employed, and I earn money. I shall get rich, as sure as your name is Baum."

Baum would like to have flown at him and torn him to pieces, but he wisely restrained himself and endeavored to discover his meaning by staring at him. Mayer, however, was imperturbable.

"Did you come to be taught fencing?" he asked.

"No," replied Baum; "I came to—to ask the rent of the vacant loft overhead. I think of loaning some money to a house-painter to start in business. But your master is not in?"

"No," responded Mayer with a bow, "he is not present."

Baum caught the emphasis, and with a significant gesture he turned towards the door. Mayer followed him to the passage, and laid a finger on his arm.

"I am sure you came to learn how to fight with me. I have watched your conduct. I knew the state of your mind when you returned from the park yesterday, and I assure you it is a dangerous one for you to indulge in. Do not make an enemy of me, for a man who has secrets such as yours are, should confine his attention to friends, not enemies. I advise you to relinquish all hopes of marrying Margaret."

"How do you dare—?"

"Go down—stairs, Kirchoff?"

Baum's knees knocked together, and, seizing the balustrade, he looked at Mayer, who stood above him.

"Go down," cried Mayer. Without thinking

what he did, Baum did so. Presently he found himself in the street, bewildered. He wandered off, and by some instinct found his way to his lodging in a state of mind verging upon a stupor.

His long-hidden and unsounded name had fallen upon him like a blow, and hours passed before he began to recover.

He was awakened by a boy who brought him a letter. He threw it into a corner of the room and went out into the cool air of the evening.

That night Krömer hired an escort to the theatre, and while there he heard a story about Baum which was floating about among the musicians, and which set him on fire. He blundered in his playing, and Mayer would have scowled upon him had he not the prospect of being his son. As for Krömer, he scowled upon Mayer, and declined his arm on the way home with a vehemence which frightened the young man, who could imagine no excuse for it.

Krömer found Baum awaiting him in his chamber, and Krömer's cordiality bordered upon affection. He put his arm over his shoulder and pressed his hand.

"My dear friend Baum," he said slowly, "one may make errors even about things which lay nearest the heart."

Baum pricked up his ears and a thrill of pleasure passed through him from top to toe.

"In the night you are likely to reflect upon what has been said in the day."

"Yes," added Baum with a trembling voice; "I remember that I said something on Sunday."

"That is what I mean," whispered Krömer.

"I believe in comfort," ventured the other.

"And so do I, Baum," cried Krömer with rapture. A flush of delight overspread his face and he caught his friend in his arms. "I believe in you. You are a wise man, and I have just begun to find you out. Let me explain myself, for what I have already said is the result of reason and not whim. I have thought it all out, and I conclude in your favor."

In a moment he had the anxious Baum by the lapel.

"This life," said he softly, "all we practical men agree, is a life of business. Love has or should have its commercial aspects. I say to myself, here is a lovely daughter who must have a husband, and being her father I am bound to look about me to find the required party. One person presents himself to my mind, and I rather fancy him; he has certain quantities of even temper, musical ability, and worldly prospects; my daughter has certain quantities of money, education, beauty, and refinement. Do they balance? Do they weigh evenly in the scales? Tolerably, say I, and consequently I fix my mind upon him. But, my dear friend, I find I have made a mistake. I was actuated by no species of love for that young man; my conclusion was purely one of arithmetic, but still my calculation was wrong. One fine day I go out for an airing with an acute companion, a friend of several years' standing. This companion converses with me and argues. He is clear, forcible, and shrewd. He points out the desirabilities of wealth and position, and he evinces a respect for the substantial joys of money which my son-elect does not possess. I sum up as I lay my head upon my pillow in the dead of night, and I think, finally, that I had better make a change."

Krömer coughed a little behind his hand. Baum held his breath and was filled with joy.

"Am I a mercenary old man?" resumed Krömer pathetically; "do I trade my daughter? Does she old the position of Joseph? No, I am a man of pure judgment; love is not for me, affection is for others. Baum, my dearest and oldest friend, can you doubt that it is you whom I mean?"

"Krömer," responded that worthy man in a broken voice, "I understand you." The two then wrung hands in silence.

Baum soon left the apartment and ascended the staircase, shaking his fist in the direction of Mayer, while Krömer went hurriedly to bed, conscious of having made a good transaction.

Baum entered his chamber in ecstasy. The prospect of triumph over the detested Mayer caused him to remain awake.

It was fully two hours before his eye rested upon the letter, which still lay in the corner of the room where he had thrown it.

He went and picked it up. It was foreign, and bore the well-known seal of his brother's attorney. He turned white. A singular mixed expression crossed his face.

He opened the letter, read it hastily, and then permitted it to drop to the floor. He rested his hands upon his hips. "Hum," he murmured in ecstasy, "Baum the cornet-player now expires, and the wealthy Kirchoff, the brother of the late famous baron, comes into existence."—The baron is dead!

He stood petrified for an hour, and then sinking into a chair, he sat and exulted the livelong night without removing an article of clothing. It was quite late in the morning before he came to his senses—that is, back to his actual position and surroundings. He was now worth a quarter of a million of thalers, and one could forgive him for reflecting on his wonderful possibilities. The first thing he did was to look down upon the floor towards Krömer's room and smilingly shake his head.

"Ah! you venerable calculator," said he, "you knew of all this when you cast off Mayer and adopted me. You heard it at the theatre or in a wine-garden, and flew with a corrected judgment to make me commit myself in advance. No, no, Krömer; I regret, but Margaret has few charms for me now. I resign her to the siddler."

At ten he drank some brandy, and, disheveled and excited, and haggard with the violent emotions of the night, he descended to Krömer's apartment to amuse himself with dallying with the old gentleman. He found the two together; the daughter standing beside the fireplace weeping silently, and the father sitting in his chair dressed to a nicety, with the most entrancing of smiles upon his face.

Baum was high-strung and entirely careless. He spoke to Margaret loudly; she turned aside. He spoke to Krömer, who rose and took his arm with a manner suggestive of fawning.

"I have had a night of happy dreams, friend Baum. Come and sit down and make one of us."

But Baum stood erect; his bearing, his look, and his tone were insolent.

"Krömer, my good pianist, I've been thinking over your proposal to me, and I am inclined to close with it; I—"

"Supposing we step into the window, dear Baum; this is business."

"No, no," responded the other, waving his hand; "why run away? Let us do everything above-board, Krömer. It is merely a matter of arithmetic, as you once observed. Who need be afraid of figures?"

"But, my—"

"O, don't tease, my good man. Let us be commercial. I have qualities, your daughter has qualities. Suppose we just run over these once more together. If they balance, then all right; if they don't balance, why then I can't take the daughter."

Baum smiled, while Krömer's face exhibited the greatest trepidation; he endeavored to place himself between Margaret and Baum and in an agitated voice begged for silence. But in vain. Baum continued for some moments dealing out misery and discomfort on all sides with his pointed tongue, and yet he by no means discouraged Krömer, who danced hither and thither in an agony of suspense and doubt.

"No," said Baum finally, with a raised voice; "I should admire and relish a wife very well; I often regretted that I have not married earlier; but when one decides at my time of life to make a choice, he cannot be too particular. Now Margaret is a little too tall; I—"

"Kirchoff, I must again order you out of the way."

Kirchoff turned around and beheld Mayer beside him. His face at once became red with anger. Margaret advanced and stood behind Reinhold; while Krömer, speechless with surprise, remained silent.

"You have no right here, and your purpose in coming is simply to insult Margaret and her father. You comprehend me when I again repeat that you have no right. You are a married man, and fled to this country because you could not live in your own."

"That is a falsehood!" shrieked Kirchoff. "You don't know me; you are an impostor. What a scoundrel you are, to attack me so! Why do you tell such stupendous lies! Why do you call me Kirchoff—Kirchoff—Kirchoff?"

Mayer laughed, while Krömer's face assumed an expression of great indignation.

"Go out of the room," mildly said Mayer, raising his hand towards the door.

Kirchoff's red cheeks grew purple.

"Defend me, Krömer, or I shall pitch him out of the window. Look at him standing there. What an impertinence! what an outrage! what an insult!"

He began capering about the room with fury. Two or three times he seemed about to precipitate himself upon Mayer, who finally began to get angry himself.

"Let me put my hands upon you," screamed Kirchoff; "and I will show you how to dog and harass an innocent man."

He shook his fists in Mayer's face, who getting out of patience, turned suddenly around and walked to the door and opened it.

There instantly walked in a short, fat, middle-aged woman, with a small red face and a small sharp eye. She carried her bare arms folded before her, and occasionally slapped them with her hands. Upon the top of her head were a pair of black flouncing feathers, which danced up and down at every step. She fixed her eye upon the ceiling at the further end of the room, and walked straight to the middle of the floor and stood still.

"Madame Kirchoff!" shouted her husband.

"The same," replied she in German, without removing her gaze from the ceiling.

"Now, Kirchoff," said Mayer, "here is the wife you ran away from. She came in the vessel which brought to you and all the Germans in the city the news of your good luck. They tell me that she ruled you at home, and she came to hunt you up and take you back in order to make you pay something for deluding her into marriage with you. Is that true, Madame Kirchoff?"

"Every word," responded the woman.

"Then take him away," said Mayer.

Kirchoff's knees shook under him. All his courage had vanished, and he looked woe-begone. His wife advanced and seized him by the arm and began to march him off.

"Stop! Is all this true?" demanded Krömer; "are you really married, and is this woman here your wife, friend Baum? And is your true name Kirchoff; and are you being carried off?"

"Yes, I expect so," replied Kirchoff.

"Then you have deceived me," said Krömer; "but," he added reproachfully, "I hope God will bless you, after all."

"I hope he will," replied Kirchoff. Then he disappeared in the clutch of madame.

"Now," said Mayer to Krömer, "there is a difficulty removed, and now all is plain. Mar-

garet and I have arranged matters between us; and as I know you look at affairs in their substantial lights, I have the pleasure to say that to-day I was selected as leader in the orchestra of the new Opera-house, at the best salary paid to any musical man in the country. My overture has been splendidly received, and I am to be President of the Conservatory."

Krömer listened attentively. "I will think it over," said he; "come to-morrow."

The next day Mayer presented himself. Krömer's face was wreathed in smiles.

"Mayer, my friend, you have won my approbation. I have counted up your various incomes and emoluments, and I calculate they surpass Margaret's by a considerable amount. I will make it even at some future time, though I cannot say precisely when. We thus arrange our business. I am told that there are other features which are only attended to by the parties themselves. You can now proceed with those. Here is Margaret."

Margaret held a fan, for the day was warm, and Mayer advanced, and they both disappeared behind it, but came to light again in an instant, blushing.

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

If I hadn't got married it wouldn't have happened. For, you see, my wife had a brother, who became my brother-in-law; and through him came my many tribulations. Jim was an inventive genius, hardly out of the cradle before he invented a patent self-rocking crib with churning attachment. He was an enthusiastic fellow, and worried as many as five dogs of the neighborhood into an untimely grave attaching them to weeding machines, and bug-mashers, and lawn-waterers, and such like. When he was ten he made a double-increment momentum velocipede with one wheel, like a drum; and having got inside and wound it up, it rushed through the street like a thunder-gust trying to catch the mail—apple-women went heels over head, the air was filled with cantelopes and garden-truck generally—and still Jim rolled on. He hadn't any stopping apparatus; and, after jumping a five-rail fence and racing through a pasture, he just plumped into the river and had to swim ashore. But none of his steam plans and fire balloons and flying machines hurt me any. They all went up or down or out before Jim's father died, and he came to live with us. "*Hine illæ lachrymæ.*" Then trouble began.

Jim brought with him his laboratory and work-bench and all the implements of wrath that brought desolation upon a peaceful household, and forced me to seek refuge in a foreign land—so to speak.

Jim's first day passed quietly; but on the second he brought out a double back-action peashooter, that looked like a young clothes-wringer with a tin bustle. Maria—that's my wife—tried it, and it mashed the peas all up and threw them into her best currant-jelly, just making; and then, when she tried to take it off, she knocked the head off the tack-hammer, and it hit Bridget in the head, causing her to sit down in a tray of bread dough and spill a tureen of soup on the baby. Poor John Augustus has been barefooted on the left side of his head ever since then, and the cat got so scared that she ran through the house and upset a bottle of ink on my manuscript on the "Origin, Rise, and Fall of the Custom of Blowing the Nose with the Fingers."

Then Jim got up a wringing-machine that tied my shirts into a double bow-knot, and mashed all the buttons into fragments. He put a fertilizer on Maria's best verbenas, and they all just curled up and died. He undertook to rid my setter-dog of fleas, but he rid the fleas of the dog. He got up a patent vertical-acting garden gate; and as Bridget and her beau were cooling over it, and he reached over to say good-by, it raised up and hoisted him up about four feet, and waved him round, and neighbor Tomkin's beef-hound came along and took a steak out of his best leg.

He got up a weeding-machine that chopped off all the asters; and put a bug-killer on the rose-bushes, and turned them all yellow and blue in blotches. He attached an upward feed-pump to the kitchen range, and that filled our tank and made it run over, and then worked backwards and put the fire out.

One morning we couldn't get the shutters open, because Jim had attached a new-fangled shutter-catch that wedged the whole frame in tighter than the devil's grip on a dead hackman. When I went away on business, Jim "protected" the house with a burglar-alarm that woke everybody up at one in the morning with a gong-ringing that lasted an hour—and all on account of our Thomas cat coming in late from courting. My business requiring me to get up early sometimes and catch trains at an unearthly hour, and my habit being that of a heavy sleeper, Jim got up an alarm bedstead that was to wake me up at a certain hour, and if I didn't rise up in my wax-works and stop it, would pitch me out of bed. The first time I tried it it worked very well, and roused me at three o'clock from dreams of trying to cram a bushel of gold into the lining of my hat. But at four, tribulation came. The sound of a whizzing wheel woke up Maria, who remembered the intelligent contrivance, and peacefully dropped into a sweet slumber, in which she tried on a succession of bonnets, each more charming than the others. But in about ten minutes the head-board vibrated—then the mattress quivered—and then the whole affair rose on its hind legs

and wriggle—dropping Maria and John Augustus on the floor, and then, bombarding them with pillows and laying the mattress on them, sidled down to the blissful consciousness of having done its duty.

My wife and I have fled and left the inventive James to take care of the house and of himself. But what shall we do? We dare not return. We are wanderers on the face of the earth, and I a martyr to science.

B. JABERS.

P. S.—Since writing the above I learn that Jim has been the victim of his fertile genius. Desiring protection in our absence, he took my double-barrelled gun and a coil of bell-wire, and made unto himself a man-trap and a snare unto burglars. He set it with a hair-trigger, so that any one turning the door-knob would be assailed with the gun from behind. When all was ready Jim went out to take a look at things, and then, on going in to gloat over imaginary prowlers, turned the knob and filled his coat-tails so full of buckshot that his clothes looked like a map of the oil wells. He takes his meals standing now, and has a little delicacy about sitting down before people older or younger than himself.

POISONED LEAVES.

Some ladies brought us, with an air of triumph this evening, some of the most gorgeous leaves of the season. We disliked to disturb the charm of their revelling in bright colors, which were reflecting on their cheeks as well as from the poisoning leaves which they had gathered, and stroked, and prepared for pressing. But the earlier the application of remedies, the less danger of being kept indoors for some weeks with swollen hands and faces, and burning sensations of pain—so we broke the spell, and lo! the change from pink to a blanched white upon their faces.

And, as gathering leaves is now quite the rage, we wish to say, for the benefit of the fair gleaners who may not know the poison ivy, to beware of its attractive habit, and scan carefully the three-leaved climbers covering the fences, trees and walls, where they grow with a blaze of beauty. The leaves may be distinguished by their growing in threes, by being shining on both surfaces, their broad ovate shape and sharply acuminate points.

The vegetable poison in this plant affects different constitutions differently. Some can handle it, and even pull it up by the roots with impunity, while others are poisoned merely by the wind blown from it while it is being disturbed. But so many are dreadfully poisoned by it every year, that a word of caution may not be untimely.

The remedies recommended by the botanist, Dr. Rigelow, are acetate of copper and corrosive sublimate, but a physician should be consulted on their use.

With the above there is equal danger from the poison sumac, or poison dogwood, as it is sometimes called, both belonging to the same genus of plants. This has leaves scarcely equalled in the autumn for their crimson brilliancy. They closely resemble the leaves of the common sumac, both of which are common to this region. The poison species may be certainly distinguished by its light ash gray stems, the harmless kind presenting an iron brown. The former is confined mostly to moist, swampy locations, while the latter is a habitant of dry situations. If the fruit of the latter is to be seen, it may be at once distinguished by its velvety, crimson heads, from six to twelve inches long. The flowers of the poison kind are in loose panicles and the fruit is as large as peas.

These beautiful autumnal days, with their overflowing wealth of brilliant coloring and delicate penciling, are quite enough to attract one to the hedges and woods, and only a little careful observation in selecting the leafy treasures is required to do it with safety.—*Correspondence of the Providence Journal.*

SCRIBNER'S FOR SEPTEMBER.

Scribner's for September has a fair proportion of light and summery, and solid and substantial fare. Bret Harte's new story, "An Episode of Fiddletown," is continued, with his usual strength; there is a story about "Baum, the Cornet-player;" an illustrated "Cruise among the Azores;" a profusely pictured and very suggestive article on the New York "Central Park;" a delightful illustrated paper on "The Birds of the Poets," by John Burroughs; a curious "Study" of Japanese Fans, by Noah Brooks; Whitelaw Reid's Commencement Address on "The Scholar in Politics;" the second of Blauvelt's important papers on "Modern Skepticism;" a reply to the recent article on "The Liberty of Protestantism;" a portrait and biography of Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster;" and the usual quantity of poetry.

Dr. Holland, the editor, gives us another installment of "Arthur Bonnicastle," and the following "Topics of the Time:" The Outlook, The New York Board of Education, Ownership in Women, and the Liberty of Protestantism. The Old Cabinet talks about the People who get under other People's Umbrellas, etc. "Home and Society," "Culture and Progress," "Nature and Science," and Etchings are as usual diversified and interesting.

Scribner's Monthly has increased ten thousand in circulation during the past year.

The first number of Scribner's Child's Magazine, of which the name has not been announced, will appear in the fall.

REPAYING.

Because I have kissed you, Minguillo,
My mother is scolding me so,
Quick! quick! give me back the kiss, darling,
I gave you a short time ago.

As it's done we have got to undo it—
For mother, you see, is so cross;
But a kiss given back to the giver,
After all, is not much of a loss.

But, heyday! Minguillo! what's this, sir?
Why, here we are, worse than before!
I bade you restore me my kiss, sir,
And now—you have taken two more!

'S TELEGRAM.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

In the year 186—I was a "rising junior." I had luckily inspired a feeling of confidence as to my working capabilities in the flinty bosoms of some three or four solicitors, which had led to their giving me such of their business as required an immensity of careful brain-work, and did not demand a very exhaustive pull upon their respective exchequers.

I had been fagging cruelly; sparing myself no amount of labor, shirking no responsibility, and now the long vacation had come at last, and I was free to throw myself on the purple heather on the mountainside, or to wander by the brooklet, or to listen to the murmur of the sad sea waves—free and fresh as a schoolboy going home for the holidays.

My bosom's lord sat lightly on its throne, and in addition to the pleasures of my anticipated hours of idleness, I was in a position to fling aside the swing doors of the London and Westminster Bank with the feeling of one who held a stake in that highly respectable and respected establishment.

It was a frizzling morning in August, people persistently sought the shady side of the street, and iced beverages were uppermost in the minds of many of the sterner sex, who wended their ways hither and thither in accordance with the decrees of their respective destinies.

I strolled up Oxford Street, with a view of telegraphing to my friend Freddy Corbet, who had implored me to join him *instanter* at the village of Luss on Loch Lomond, where he had pitched his tent for the purpose of "doing" some of the exquisite scenery by which that hamlet is surrounded. Freddy was then a clerk in the F. O., with a very respectable "screw," which he spent like a man and a brother, in addition to "a couple of mouldy hundreds" allowed him by a maiden aunt, who up to the hour of her exit from the stage of life labored under the delusive idea that her nephew was a diplomatist of very distinguished abilities, and to whose secret services the country owed much, if not the entire of its vast political influence.

The venerable lady bequeathed to her nephew one thousand a year, and the F. O. saw Freddy Corbet no more.

Freddy and I were fast friends, and we had arranged to spend the long vacation together in such localities, as, upon interchange of opinion and mutual resolve, seemed most suitable to our respective inclinations.

I entered the telegraph office, and found that the compartments were filled; the first by a servant in livery, the second by a portly elderly gentleman who wished it to be known to all comers that he was telegraphing to "my son, Captain Smotsbee, of the 95th," and the third by a young lady, richly but plainly attired, whose figure was simply perfection, and whose golden hair was wound round the back of her graceful head in massive and luxurious plaits.

I felt strongly interested in this girl.

Of course every man of a certain age obeys the impulse which bids him gaze upon a fair face or a faultless form—it is but nature's tribute to the beautiful, and in obedience to this mysterious law, I strained eagerly forward to obtain a glimpse of her features, but without success. She was engaged in filling up the telegraph form, and her head was bent over the desk.

"When will this message be forwarded?" she asked in a low and musical voice.

"Can't say, miss; it depends on the number before it," replied the clerk.

"It is important—very important."

"It must take its turn."

"How much am I to pay?"

The phlegmatic clerk proceeded to count the words, and announced that the message would cost "Seven and tuppence."

The young lady put her hand in her pocket—started, colored, became deadly pale, and exclaimed, "I have left my purse on my toilette table, what am I to do?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the clerk, biting the tip of his pencil, "except you go home for it," he added with a grin.

"I live out of town, and the message would be too late; what am I to do?" and in her perplexity, she turned and faced me.

My heart rushed up through my hair, and then descended with equal rapidity to the soles of my boots.

She was lovely.

Lustrous violet-blue eyes, and long sweeping lashes—eyes sad, yet joyous, bright yet tender. A delicately formed nose, slightly *retroussé*,

which imparted a piquancy to the face such as one only sees in a portrait by Greuze. Lips red, ripe, luscious, and a set of brilliant pearly teeth. Her golden hair came low upon her forehead, and she wore a hat surmounted by a rich dark blue feather, which almost swung across her shoulders.

She was not thinking of me, although her eyes met mine. She was gazing beyond me, into the depths of her perplexity.

My voice was scarcely audible as I said, "I beg your pardon, I inadvertently heard your conversation with the clerk; will you permit me to relieve you from any embarrassment by allowing me to pay for the message?" I stammered and stammered, but nevertheless got through the sentence.

She started as I spoke, and bestowed upon me a haughty glance, almost amounting to defiance.

"We are strangers, sir, and I cannot accept your offer, however courteously meant."

"Excuse me, but I infer that your telegram is of importance, and that time is precious?"

"Time is precious," this was uttered like an echo.

"Then surely you are not so firmly bound in the iron fetters of conventionalism as to reject my offer?"

I spoke hotly, for she never relaxed her haughtiness.

"I regret I cannot accept your offer," and she turned from me.

I felt nettled and strongly irritated. A keen sense of injury tingled through me; I resolved to act. I plunged my hand into my pocket, seized upon three half-crowns, threw them to the clerk, exclaiming, "Send that lady's message," and indulging in a laugh like that of the second ruffian in the melodrama, strode from the office, sprang into a passing hansom, telling the driver to drop me at Charing Cross.

"What an ass!" I muttered to myself as we dashed through the crowded thoroughfare. "What an idiot, to throw seven and sixpence into the air for a mere idea! Seven and sixpence worth of chivalry. Pshaw! It was too absurd," and then her defiant loveliness smote me, and I merely rejoiced that I had gained the best of the struggle. I felt elated, triumphant. This haughty woman had smitten down my honest offer with contempt, and I had returned the blow by disarming her. She struck with cold steel, I turned her weapon with my glove. She might be Lady Clara Vere de Vere for aught I knew to the contrary; but, be she gentle or simple, she was in my debt, and she owed me, in the words of the phlegmatic telegraph clerk, the sum of "Seven and tuppence."

I sent my telegram, and left Euston that evening by the Scotch limited mail.

It was my first visit to the land of Walter Scott, and as I sped onwards towards the country of Rob Roy, I bethought me of my youthful longings to stand, claymore in hand, by the side of that daring outlaw, and of my tender and passionate love for the wayward and fascinating Diana Vernon.

Heigh-ho!

"Shadows, my Lord."

Freddy Corbet met me at Balloch, the romantic outlet of Loch Lomond, looking ruddier than a cherry, browner than a berry, and clad in a nondescript costume, varying between that of a club-lounger and one of those lay figures, supposed to represent Highland chieftains in the garb of their native country, which adorn the entrances to long-established residences sacred to the sale of the soothing weed.

The view of Loch Lomond from Balloch, bathed as I saw it in a sheen of golden splendor, was perfectly entrancing. The broad expanse of bluish-grey water, smooth and glassy as a mirror, Ben Lomond looming upwards, its lofty summit hidden in a white cloud soft as a snow-flake, the emerald upon the surrounding hills, mingled with the delicate tints of the newly-blossoming heather, the thickly-wooded islands, reflecting their shadows in apparently unfathomable depths, formed a *coup d'œil* for which I was utterly unprepared, and upon which I gazed with feelings of enthusiastic and unalloyed admiration.

"You never beheld such a charming digging as I have dropped on," exclaimed Freddy, after we had exhausted the preliminaries attendant upon such a meeting; "all honeysuckle and sunshine, and birds whistling, and a rustic porch over every window, and summer-house at every door, and a landscape at every corner, and pretty girls in profusion, and beer! such beer!—ah!" and he joyously kissed the tips of his fingers, waving them in the direction of our temporary homestead. As we neared the picturesque wooden landing-place, the village of Luss commenced,

"Like a nymph to the bath addressed,"

to reveal its beauties. Situated in a hollow, and backed by heather-covered hills, it lies en-cradled in a nest of the rarest and softest verdure—a beautiful suppliant at the feet of its giant captors. Quaint and picturesque villas, covered with graceful creepers, dotted here and there, pertly pop their roofs above the surrounding foliage, like vigilant sentinels from behind the ramparts of a well-defended fortress, while blooming gardens, rich in color as Aubusson carpets, stretch down to the Loch to be laved and wooed by its transparent and amorous waters. Seen as I beheld it, in the drowsy, dreamy, voluptuous glow of the ripe autumnal sunlight, it was a scene so perfumed with the very essence of the beautiful, that for the moment I felt as though the dust of poor humanity had flown with the four winds of heaven, and

that I had entered upon the ecstasies of a new and untasted existence.

Our "digging" was all that Freddy Corbet painted it, giving upon the Loch, and commanding its glorious and varied scenery.

As we sat that evening by the water's edge, lazily smoking the calumet of peace, I related to my companion my adventure with "the fair one with the golden locks," which afforded him intense enjoyment.

"Such a duffer!" he exclaimed, when I had concluded. "If you had been in the vicinity of a knacker's yard, every dead horse would have had a kick at you. Why, Charley Bentick, I used to consider you a blue-bag of sense; but now I shall never see half-a-crown without thinking of my excellent friend Bentick Bayard, who prowls about telegraph offices for the purpose of paying for the messages of damsels in distress."

Our life at Luss was an enchanting monotony. A plunge in the Loch at seven, breakfast at nine, no letters to read or write (thank heaven), a prolonged smoke, Freddy sketched, I read a trashy novel, with the full knowledge that it was rubbish of the most uncompromising description, but revelled in its flimsy fiction nevertheless; and then to the pier to meet the steamers. This act we regarded, in common with the entire population of the village, in the light of a serious duty; and be the weather fair or foul, wet or dry, stormy or calm, the arrival of the boat found us at our post like a pair of detectives awaiting the landing of some party telegraphed as "wanted." I may add, by way of confession, that we dressed *à outrance* for these occasions, invariably giving a finishing touch to our respective toilettes ere we sauntered to the rendezvous.

Six weeks had glided away as though I had been in dreamland, and the hour was not far distant which was to summon me to work. The shadow of the City was already upon me.

One exquisite afternoon found us, as usual, on the look-out for the steamer from Balloch. Tourists from all climes under the sun were still passing backwards and forwards through those picturesque regions, and the boats were as crowded, possibly more so, than when I had come up the Loch in the early part of the preceding month.

"I say, Seven and tuppence," exclaimed Freddy—I should mention that since my narration of the telegraph adventure he invariably addressed me by this classical appellation, sometimes varying it to "Seven and two"—"I say, Seven and tuppence, did you ever see such a lot?—all as ugly as my grandmother's cat. Let's count the women with spectacles."

It may be ungracious, it may be ungallant, it may be unchivalrous, but I am bound to declare that the ladies who "tear round" the Scottish lakes are not of the highest order of female beauty.

"One, two, three, four, five. Hallo! Seven and two, there's a stunning pretty girl!"

The steamer was getting under way.

"Where?" I listlessly asked.

"There, opposite you."

"With the old gentleman with the white hat?"

"No, stupid! close to the creature in spectacles."

"In a scarlet cloak?"

"Not at all. There, in deep mourning, with the hay-colored hair."

My heart gave one great throb. It was the girl whom I had encountered at the telegraph office.

The steamer began to move. My first impulse was to jump on board.

My eyes caught hers; she flushed.

The steamer was passing along the jetty.

She spoke rapidly to her companion, a tall, gentlemanlike-looking young man, towards whom, in that single instant, I conceived a deadly aversion.

The steamer was passing along the jetty.

He quitted her side, and rushing to the extremity of the vessel, shouted to me:

"I wish to get out of your debt, sir. Your name and address, please."

His tone was as though he were addressing a lackey.

The steamer was passing away from the jetty.

"You are not in my debt," I cried defiantly.

The steamer had passed from the jetty.

He sprang upon the seat, and rapidly detaching a sealskin purse from his pocket, seized a sovereign, and holding it between his forefinger and thumb, cried:

"Catch. Debt, with interest and thanks."

The steamer was passing away. I did not keep the wicket of the second eleven at Oxford without being able to make a fair catch. I caught the sovereign as it twirled through the air. With all my strength I sent it flying towards him. It struck him. A savage thrill of pleasure ran through me as I saw him apply a white handkerchief to his face.

The steamer had passed away; and, in spite of all my fierce determination to kill the thought ere it could burst into blossom, my heart's longings were with that fair girl who was being borne from me, whither I could not tell.

At my suggestion, we started next morning for a short excursion across the Loch to Inversnaid, on to Stranachlachar, down Loch Katrine, through the Trossachs, and *via* Callendar to Edinburgh. I traced her to Callendar; but here I was brought to a standstill. I assumed, not unreasonably, that she would visit the Scottish capital, as Glasgow afforded but little of interest to any traveller, save, perhaps, a commercial

one. We put up, in the modern Athens, at the Queen's Hotel, where I cross-examined the waiters as to the personal appearance of the lady visitors, as though they were being tried for their respective liberties and lives. It was childish this, weak, stupid and silly. What was the haughty beauty to me? what sympathy between us? None, save an act upon my part for which a newly-breeched schoolboy would scout me. Her husband, too! Strange to say, I never for an instant admitted the possibility of her being united to that man. Whenever the thought came to the surface I did not give it breathing time, but sent it down to the unfathomable depths of undefined idea. Yet the chase, if I may call it, possessed a strange fascination for me; and I followed up the slightest clue with the eagerness of an amateur detective.

At Holyrood, on the very spot where the ruthless assassins flung the quivering body of the ill-fated Rizzio, a low, musical voice startled me. For an instant I could not summon sufficient resolution to turn round. *Ay de mi alhama!*

The voice, though low and sweet, and "of the purple," was attached to a dumpy little lady, as broad as she was long, who wore corkscrew curls, and whose nose led the unruly imagination straight to the idea that she loved gentle stimulants "not wisely, but too well."

I hung about Holyrood for two days, cozening myself into the belief that my sympathy for the ill-fortune of the beautiful Queen of Scots and the luckless chivalrous Charles Edward was the immediate cause of my dalliance; and there is a probability that I should have tarried under the same specious mental pretext for a considerably longer period, had not Freddy Corbet announced his intention of "doing" the Iona, which meant a trip to Ardrishag and back through the Kyles of Bute, on board the most remarkable steamer afloat upon European waters.

We "did" the Iona and the Kyles of Bute, and Ardrishag, and revelled in the beauties of the ever-varying scenery, returning by the same route to Glasgow, and back to our Highland home; but of the fair unknown I had no further sign or token.

"A letter for you, sir," said our landlady, handing me a square envelope, with a monogram in scarlet and gold. The superscription was in an unknown female hand. I hesitated before opening it. It must be from her.

I studied the monogram; but, like unto the majority of those facetious epistolary adornments, it was as undecipherable as the hieroglyphics upon the exterior of a tea chest.

The letter ran thus:—

"Miss Chandos begs to thank Mr. Bentick" (it was from her) "for his great kindness in saving her poodle from drowning in the Loch on Thursday last."

"Pshaw!"

We broke up our little establishment, engaged the same apartments provisionally for the following July, August and September, and bade adieu to Loch Lomond. Freddy Corbet started for Italy, and I set out for Dublin, to visit some Irish friends, with whom I passed the remaining few days of my vacation.

While sojourning with them, I received a telegram from Mr. Chadd, the senior partner of the firm of Chadd, Twiss and Webster, requesting my attendance in London upon the following day, if possible, for a consultation upon a very important case in which I had the pleasure of being retained.

The single hair had broken. The Damoclean sword of work had fallen upon me.

I started that evening from Kingstown by the seven o'clock boat, reaching Holyhead at midnight. It was a cold and cheerless night, and I was anxious to secure a compartment in the wild Irish mail, roll myself up like an Esquimaux, and take a good honest sleep, of which I was in sore need, as my hospitable hosts had given a succession of revelries in my honor, which led to a complication of hours inimical in the highest degree to the best and most vital interests of the drowsy god.

Having "tipped" the guard, secured sticks, *alias* two broad laths, upon which to deposit an extra cushion, so as to form a bed, and requesting him not to disturb me at Chester, I turned in for the night; and remember nothing except a hoarse shriek and terrific crash, as we rushed through the iron tube across the Menai Straits.

"Ticket, please, sir."

I was half asleep, the carriage lamp had gone out, and the guard's lantern flashed in my blinking eyes.

"Where are we?"

"Rugby, sir."

I handed him my ticket.

"You'll want the lamp lighted, sir?"

"Leave it as it is; and I re-rolled myself into a shapeless mass of railway rug."

"Quick, ladies! jump in! the only seats in the train. We are very full this morning, and we're late," cried the guard, as he thrust two females into the carriage—a lady and her maid.

My *devoir*, as a gentleman, was to apologise for my recumbent position, and surrender my extra cushion. I resolved to feign sleep, and thus avoid the "bother" (I like that word) of disturbing myself.

"Mocking is catching," is an old and a very wise saw. I slept like a dormouse.

It was bright daylight when the guard shook me up.

"Please to let the ladies pass, sir."

My fellow-travellers were standing, anxious, like Mr. Sterne's starting, to get out: my sticks blocked the way. I rolled off the improvised

couch, muttered an apology, and stepped upon the platform.

Mr. Chadd was waiting for me.

"Jump into this hansom at once: we have only ten minutes to see Sergeant Hopkins, as he goes by the 8:30 from Paddington. My man will look after your traps."

I preceded him into the vehicle.

"Drive, as fast as you can to 298 Harley street—double fare!" cried Mr. Chadd.

As we quitted the yard we passed an elegantly-appointed brougham turning in an opposite direction, containing my late fellow-travellers. A rapid glance:

One of them was the girl whom I had met at the telegraph office.

My holidays had passed away, and my work was upon me. Letters to be replied to, papers to be hunted up, appointments to be made, law books to be consulted, opinions to be given, and every pigeon-hole of my waking existence crammed to the utmost limits of its endurance.

Bitterly I reviled the ill-fortune that closed my eyelids in the wild Irish mail; bitterly the ill-luck that forced me into a corner beneath the bony knuckles of Time; bitterly the mocking destiny that dashed the cup from my lips, when thrice the brimming nectar was presented to them.

My work was heavy, and demanded an untiring vigilance.

My work stood between me and her image, thrusting it aside with an iron and unswerving hand.

'Twas a murky, drizzly morning in December upon the eve of the Christmas holidays. I had not even had the pleasing gratification of seeing my bed on the preceding night, as I had been reading up a case which involved a series of most important issues, and was compelled, *bon gré, mal gré*, to surrender my night's rest in the interests of my clients, and I may fairly add of my own, as I had deferred studying my brief under the impression that the case would not come on until after the recess. It was a disputed will case, and I was retained for the defendants.

Miss Alice Lindsay died in the preceding August, bequeathing the bulk of her vast property to her nephew and niece, the children of a deceased sister, and a comparatively small residue to a sole surviving brother, who now disputed the will on the grounds of undue influence, and the mental incapacity of the testatrix. On our part it was alleged that the testatrix was of sound mind at the time of her demise, and that the bequests were the result of natural affection, and that she was further influenced, by the fact that the plaintiff was extremely wealthy, and unmarried.

There were two weak places in our armour: the first, that Miss Lindsay had been estranged from her nephew up to within a few days of her death; the second, that Miss Lindsay was generally considered somewhat eccentric.

Her nephew, Mr. Geoffrey Chetwynde, had married "a penniless lass with a long pedigree," contrary to the expressed wishes of his aunt; and it was solely owing to the influence of his sister Maude, that he was restored, at the eleventh hour, to the sunshine of the good graces of his offended relative.

It was late when I reached the court; and in addition to my brief, I was encumbered with a ghastly headache, which at every throb led me to imagine that my skull was in imminent danger of exploding into several small pieces, like a Shrapnel shell.

The plaintiff had a cloud of witnesses in attendance, and the case excited a considerable amount of interest.

The plaintiff's case was ably and eloquently stated by his counsel, and about twenty persons who had been on terms of alleged intimacy with the deceased were examined as to her eccentricities, and her visibly decaying mental powers, antecedent to her demise.

My leader cross-examined such of these witnesses as he deemed shaky, and by dint of a series of artful and elaborate queries totally irrelevant to the question at issue, succeeded in driving a considerable number of them into a state of mental irritation bordering upon frenzy, and the remainder into a condition of hopelessness and irrevocable bewilderment.

When he had duly impressed the jury with the conviction that the individuals who had appeared before them were each and all possessed of a natural taste for perjury, he proceeded to state the case for the defence, and in a brief but incisive statement painted the conduct of the plaintiff in such hideous colors as scarcely to demand the tears of a solitary angel to wipe the record out.

If our case was burdened with weak points, it likewise bristled with strong ones; and one upon which we placed an unlimited confidence was the fact of the deceased lady's having telegraphed to her nephew, a few days prior to her demise, to come to her and receive her unqualified forgiveness. The substance of the telegram was written by herself, copied by her niece, transmitted by the latter to Geoffrey Chetwynde, who acted upon it instantly.

The existence of this telegram was questioned. By a piece of good luck, the original in the handwriting of Miss Lindsay had been preserved, and with a cool, but self-satisfied demeanour, my leader rose and said, "We'll examine Miss Chetwynde now, my Lady," and, turning to me, "You take her up, Bentick; I'll hold myself in reserve."

Up to this particular moment I had preserved a masterly inactivity; my head was splitting, and my ideas were deranged by the tortures of

physical anguish. I would willingly have given twenty, yea, fifty guineas for a respite, but the chance was too good to throw away; I could not afford to lose the opportunity, so by a vigorous effort I drew myself together, and jerking my wig well over my forehead, and adjusting my gown with the stereotyped "pluck" peculiar to the profession, and glancing rapidly at the marginal notes on my brief, I turned towards the witness-box, and, blinded with pain, drawled:

"You are, I believe, Miss Maude Chetwynde?"

"I am."

"Niece of the late Miss Alice Lindsay?"

"Yes."

"You recollect Tuesday, the 5th of August last?"

"Perfectly."

"You are acquainted with the handwriting of the deceased?"

"Intimately."

"You recollect sending a telegram to your brother, to Paris, on the 5th of August?"

"I do."

"At the request of your aunt?"

"Yes; she wrote the substance of it."

"Will you have the goodness to inform me if you have seen this document before?"

She was handed the slip of note paper, and, raising her veil—

The court swung round me—

Maude Chetwynde held the telegram in her hands for which I had paid seven shillings and twopence!

Apocryphal telegrams, I despatched one this morning, of which the following is a copy:

From Charles Bentick To Mrs. Bentick, Bunnossie, Luss, Loch Lomond.

"Your brother Geoffrey and I leave by the 8.50 this evening. Freddy Corbet comes with us. We will reach Balloch at 12 to-morrow. Bring the children down to Balloch to meet us."

A Corner in Opium.

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

In the autumn of 1860 I joined the steamer *Thunder* as fourth mate. She was a large ship-rigged propeller, owned by a well-known firm in Calcutta, and engaged in conveying opium from that port to Hong Kong.

Quite as much gambling is carried on in China in regard to the over-fluctuating prices of opium as there is at present with gold and railway shares in Wall street, New York; and as no telegraphic communication exists between India and the "flowery land," speculators have to anxiously await the arrival of the vessels which actually bring the drug into port, ere they can form any accurate ideas as to the state of the market in Calcutta, where the government sales take place monthly. Even the report, sometimes calculated by fishermen, that an opium steamer is lying outside the harbor, will cause considerable commotion among the gamblers, who, deeming it probable that her owners have already received Calcutta advices, watch anxiously for any action on their part which will indicate whether the drug has advanced.

On the morning of the eighth day subsequent to that on which the *Thunder* left Singapore, I came on deck just as the *Asses' Ears* and *Lemna Islands*, a steric group in close proximity to Hong Kong, loomed like gigantic shadows up from the laughing waters of the deep blue sea; and an hour afterwards our good ship was riding at single anchor in Mrs Bay, at the entrance to the Ly-ee-moon, a tortuous passage leading into Victoria (Hong Kong) harbor.

"The fourth mate had better carry the despatches ashore, Rogers," said Captain Fowler as he descended from the bridge when the steamer was safely anchored.

"In the cutter, sir?" inquired the chief officer.

"No! She would be recognized, and it would get abroad that we had arrived. My reason for sending Mr. R. is that he is unknown ashore. Hail the first sampan (small native boat) that passes, and charter it to take him in," answered the skipper.

In obedience to the mate's instructions, I exchanged my uniform for muff, to disarm suspicion in the colony, and took my place in a Chinese boat, the owner of which had contracted to carry me ashore. The despatches were in a small tin case, and another similar receptacle contained the ship's papers. These I was to take to our consignee, and I had strict orders to keep my business a secret from every one but him.

"Land at Pedder's wharf, take a sedan-chair, and tell the coolies to carry you to G's house; they will know where to go," was the final mandate of the chief officer, as the light boat shot swiftly away.

I was very young, and felt considerably elated at the position of responsibility that had been assigned me. I was entrusted with secrets that many of the merchants ashore would have given a large sum to be in possession of, and I determined to watch over and preserve them with jealous care.

The distance from Mrs Bay to Hong Kong is about ten miles; but so enthrallled was I by the majestic magnificence of the high verdure-clad hills on either side the Ly-ee-moon that I was

surprised when the splendid panorama of Victoria Bay, with its multitude of shipping, burst into view as we rounded the last rocky headland.

The boatman maintained a vigorous and animated conversation in their own vernacular, not a word of which I then understood, as they toiled at their oars. The commander spoke to me in a curious jargon called "pigeon English," and I was astonished to find by the inquiries he made that he was perfectly aware of the purport of my mission on shore; he tried, in fact, to "pump" me, but in that he failed signally.

"You wanchee go Pedda waaf, sa?" he said at last, and, on my replying in the affirmative, he added, "All light; can go bely soon, sa!" Then he jabbered something which appeared to highly amuse the crew, for they laughed heartily and echoed, "All light; Pedda waaf, sa," repeatedly.

Mr. Rogers had told me prior to my departure that the pier he named was located near a tall clock tower "amidships of the town," as he had expressed it; so I was rather surprised to see that the boat was heading for an isolated abutment from the sea-wall near Happy Valley, which I recognized by the obelisks and gravestones. In a dubious tone of voice I asked if that was really the place I had to land at, and the pig-tailed skipper assured me so confidentially that it was "Pedda waaf," that I, unacquainted with the mendacious habits of the Chinese, felt bound to believe him, and ascend to the jetty, though its appearance differed much from the description of it the mate had given me.

"S'pose you wanchee chair you come 'long me," said the boatman, as he followed me up the steps; and as I saw no one near to whom I could apply for information, I had to accept his services as guide, and follow in his wake. He obsequiously offered to carry the despatch boxes, but I refused to part with them, so he merely muttered a sort of chuckling ejaculation and trotted on.

Presently we came to a small row of tenement-houses, and my guide induced me to enter one by telling me that his brothers, who were chair-bearers, lived above, and that he would rouse them from their slumbers and order them to carry me to G's house.

Out of my innocence of the Chinese character, I believed him; and thinking all was right, I placed the two cases I had with me upon the door, and settled myself upon a trestled bed, whereupon reposed a bevy of small children and a curly-headed animal that appeared on first sight to be a dog, but which I subsequently discovered was a juvenile pig. As my guide left the apartment, ascending by a small ladder to the floor above, a quaint little almond-eyed, olive-skinned Chinese girl entered, and, after staring at me in speechless astonishment for a moment, came towards me and whispered a word into my ear the purport of which I did not understand, so I only smiled and nodded in answer until I became aware, by her peculiar gesticulations, that she wished to convey me information that, in Yankee parlance, I had better "get," as I was in by no means respectable society.

My guide and his confreres were making such a noise by their boisterous wrangling above my head that I suddenly became convinced that mischief was meditated and that I was singled out as the victim; and when my comical little companion pointed at the despatch boxes with her taper little finger, and afterwards drew her hand across her throat in a most significant manner, it instantly occurred to me that my secret was coveted, that I had fallen among thieves, and that four measures might be resorted to in order to obtain possession of my treasures.

Naturally impulsive in my actions, I seized the tin cases, and merely nodding adieu to the girl, slipped quietly out of the house and ran swiftly across a paddy field in the direction of the city. Though I proceeded as noiselessly as possible, the boatman, who had stationed himself at an upper window, detected my flight, and when I turned my head to reconnoitre, I saw four Chinese, headed by the captain of the sampan, running towards me at a pace that promised soon to overtake me.

Fear lent me wings, but my speed was not equal to theirs, and as they gained rapidly, I quickly planned in my mind the most feasible method of foiling their nefarious scheme, which I instinctively guessed was robbery, if nothing worse.

After crossing the paddy field, I gained the high road, upon which I was able to accelerate my pace; but unluckily, in my ignorance of the route I ought to take, I turned off to the eastward instead of proceeding in an exactly opposite direction. My pursuers were about twenty yards astern of me, when the road took a semi-circular sweep round a huge boulder, and, as I darted past the ponderous mass of granite, I saw to my right a grove of stunted trees, the dense undergrowth and foliage of which I felt could hide me. I left the road, and, entering the grove, selected the tallest of the trees, and prepared to ascend; but I found it would be impossible for me to carry up the despatch boxes; so, exerting my utmost strength, I uplifted a fragment of rock that lay in a grassy hollow, placed my treasure beneath it, and then climbed the tree with sailor-like agility.

I had hardly stretched myself out flat upon one of the upper branches before my pursuers tracked me to the foot of the tree, and began chattering like monkeys, evidently wondering whether I had disappeared; but a dry offshoot from the branch on which I was snatched with a sharp report, revealing my whereabouts, and an exultant chorus of laughter broke from the

Chinese as they espied me, for they evidently thought they had me fairly snared.

By the direction of the old skipper, a smart, athletic young fellow began to ascend the tree; I drew my clasp-knife, and, grasping a limb, stood ready to repel my assailant if he had the temerity to come near me. The scoundrel saw I was in earnest, and he descended, amid the jeers of his fellows—none of whom, however, were willing to supply his place.

Then they gathered a heap of large stones and commenced to pelt me with them. This method of attack I was unprepared for, and I felt that I should have to succumb to the pressure of circumstances. Just as I was about to surrender, however, I caught in my hand a sharp, jagged piece of granite that had been hurled at me, and immediately conceived a plan for turning it into a weapon of defence.

Drawing a large silk handkerchief from my pocket I tied the stone securely in one corner, fashioning an impromptu slung shot; then I jumped directly upon the shoulders of the grinning skipper, the concussion felling him to the earth. In another instant I was on my feet wielding my formidable weapon with terrible effect. I sent one fellow to grass on his temple; but his brethren, keeping their distance, maintained such an incessant volley of stones that, cut and bleeding, I was forced to take refuge in flight.

As I staggered into the high road, I fell nearly directly under the hoofs of a magnificent black horse, bestridden by a European.

The gentleman reined in his fiery steed when he saw me. "What on earth is the matter?" he cried, in astonishment.

Then, as my three pursuers bounded out of the thicket after me, he apprehended the state of affairs at once, and, without pausing to ask questions, stretched two of them senseless with the heavy butt of his riding-whip. Dismounting, he threw his steed's bridle over a projecting branch and came towards me.

"My poor boy, you seem badly hurt. How do you come to be here?" he said, in a kindly voice, as he assisted me to rise.

My pluck gave way with the knowledge of safety. I burst into tears, and told all that had happened.

"The *Thunder* arrived, eh? That's grand. I am Mr. G. of the firm to which she is consigned. But, gracious me! the rascals have got the despatches, and we shall be half ruined before I can get back to town!" he cried, when I had sobbed forth my story.

"They are safe, sir. I hid them in there," I said, pointing to the thicket.

We pushed our way through the branches, and found the cases under the stone where I had placed them. The man I struck down was lying near, perfectly motionless.

"You've given that fellow his soup hot, and I think his companions will suffer headache for a week or so," said Mr. G., as he examined the man's wound. "Let them stay where they are; I will send the police to them as we ride in," he added. Then he lifted me into the saddle, and led his horse until we overtook a sedan-chair, to which he transferred me, after which he galloped on to his office with the rescued papers.

When I reached his house I found a doctor waiting to dress my wounds, which did not prove to be very serious after all, and every attention that I could desire was shown me.

Much credit was accorded me for having so well defended my trust, and I always attribute my subsequent rapid promotion on board the *Thunder* to the prestige I gained by my conduct on that, to me, memorable morning of my introduction to China.

"That boy of Coville's has been in trouble again," says the *Danbury News*. "He went playing in Mrs. Coney's yard, next door, right after dinner, Thursday. He had Mrs. Coney's dog harnessed to a wash-boller, and was driving up and down a cobble-walk, when that lady came out with a finger in each ear, and told him he must clear out, as she expected company at two o'clock, and his noise was altogether too much for the occasion. His obedience was more prompt than she had any reason to expect or even desire. In fact, he left at once, first giving the boller a kick that nearly decapitated the dog at both ends. Mrs. Coney was obliged to unhitch the dog herself, which she did after catching him. It appears that the bell at Mrs. Coney's door is somewhat stiff in the spring, and rather difficult to sound. This fact was well-known to young Coville, and while Mrs. Coney was chasing the dog, the youthful miscreant stole in the house, and with the help of a file fixed that door-bell so it would pull easy. At two o'clock promptly, the pastor of Mrs. Coney's church came up on the stoop of Mrs. Coney's house, and being aware that the bell-pull required considerable muscle, gave it a sharp twitch, and immediately left the stoop head first, with the bell-knob clutched in his hand, and six feet of wire swinging above him. In the descent he split his coat the whole length of the back, broke down the gate, completely ruined his hat, and seriously bruised both elbows. Mrs. Coney, who was looking through the blinds all the time, was very much shocked by the accident, but promptly led the gentleman into the house, and as promptly dressed his wounds. An examination of the bell revealed that it had been trifled with, and as Mrs. Coney was quite confident Coville's boy had done it, she reported to Mrs. Coville that she actually heard him say the other day that he would 'fix that bell.' The fall term of school commenced yesterday, but Coville's boy was not there."

SO LOST, SO WON.

BY W. JERROLD DIXON.

CHAPTER I.

AT LORD'S.

A lovely day in June; the scene is Lord's Cricket Ground; the occasion is the Varsity match.

The sun is smiling on the dense ring of spectators—gaily-dressed women and vociferous men. 'Tis the second day of the contest, and Oxford are in for the second time.

A fresh over is commenced. The Cantab bowler delivers the ball—a curling and insinuating slow; the batsman steps forward, and drives it to long off; one run is scored. The second ball is more curling, and still more insinuating than the first; the Oxonian, a well-known hitter, steps out, swipes hard, and misses the ball, which is promptly caught by the wicket-keeper. Off fly the balls.

"How's that?"

"Out!"

A roar of applause throughout the ground follows the announcement. The fifth Oxford wicket is down, and the telegraph announces only thirty-three runs!

On none of Oxford's partisans were vexation and impatience more genuinely depicted than on the face of a young girl seated in a carriage on the east side of the ground—a girl of nineteen or twenty, dressed in an elaborate costume, of which dark blue was the principal feature—a girl with the eyes of a gazelle and the voice of a siren—a girl with a pensive face and full voluptuous figure; in appearance, a sleepy Venus, a *Dadu*; in reality, a lovely girl of the period, an exquisite waltzer, a fearless rider, an incorrigible chatter-box—a girl born to fascinate, and bred to be adored.

Flora Milvain is an orphan, and has everything for which her soul can crave—a foolish and good-natured woman for a guardian, a manly English gentleman for a lover. Youth and health sparkle from her eyes, fun and badinage melt from her tongue, a goodly balance-sheet lies at her banker's. What more can she desire? What, indeed!

Now her face is clouded by a frown. She stamps her little foot, and descends into commonplace.

"Oh, this is horrible! Those Cambridge men will win again!" she cries, petulantly. "How many runs did you say you have to get to win, Tom?" she added, turning to a bronzed and healthy-looking fellow by her side, dressed in the dark-blue jacket and cap of the Oxford eleven.

"Eighty-nine to win, Flora. I agree with you—things do look fishy for us now," replied Tom Hardy, fast bowler to his eleven, and lover to Flora.

"I understand little about your game, Mr. Hardy; but when will it come to your turn to be what you call *in*?" asked a tall, soldier-like man, with a weather-beaten face and a grizzly moustache—a man who, though evidently a foreigner, was dressed in English clothes, and spoke the language with scarcely an accent—a dangerously fascinating man of forty or thereabouts—a man with a Sir Charles Grandison air, a flashing eye, and the figure of an Adonis; no mere carpet knight, but a man who had smelt powder often, and liked it.

"I am going in next, Count," said Tom. "I shall try and slog that slow bowling; it will be neck or nothing with me, I expect. I should like to score, especially as I shall never play again for Oxford."

"Ah, indeed. You have taken your degree, I suppose?"

Tom nodded assent.

"By-the-by, Miss Milvain, it seems as though I should win that box of gloves," added the Count.

"Oh, please don't talk of it. Those stupid boys! why cannot they bat? Tom, unless you make a lot of runs, I'll never speak to you again. There!"

"Flora, Flora, what can it matter to you, my dear?" interposed Lady Tremeneere, relict of the lately deceased baronet of that name, as good, kind, commonplace an old lady as ever breathed. "I'm sure they have done very well, not that I know anything about it, but—"

"There, there, auntie, I know you don't; and you are a dear old darling to bring us here, I know, when you had rather be at home reading a novel," replied Flora, quickly; "but I mean what I say, Tom. I shall be frightfully angry, if you don't win the match."

"Well, I'll try, Flora; and now I must go and get my pads on. Jennings out there doesn't seem as if he would last long," said Tom Hardy. "By-the-by, Flora," he added, tenderly "give me a flower to wear in my sash whilst I am in. Perhaps it will bring me luck as well as delight."

Flora colored, and answered quickly, "I'll do nothing of the sort. Deserve your reward before you claim it."

Tom's face clouded when he saw two tiny rosebuds which Flora had worn that morning adorning the coat of the Count von Geisenheim. He turned away without another word, and made for the pavilion.

In the meantime the match had been speeding slowly. The difficult bowling was being played; but runs were few and far between. In this unexciting period of the game Flora Milvain bent her pretty head to listen to the com-

pliments of the Count, who began to talk German; Lady Tremeneere nodded, blinked, and finally dropped off to sleep from the effects of the sun and the champagne she had taken at lunch; and Fanny Moore took up a novel, and, pretending to be absorbed in the story, narrowly watched Flora and the Count. What she saw evidently pleased her, for a dimpling smile broke from the corners of her mouth.

Fanny Moore was not a beautiful girl. No one would look at her twice when Flora was seated in the same carriage; but she possessed a grace and a charm of manner equal to, but very different from, her fascinating friend. Flora's beauty took you by storm at the first onset—rapid, scorching, overwhelming. The light from Fanny Moore's violet eyes beamed with a softer glow. Her very presence suggested

"Yellow meads of asphodel,
Or aramantine bowers."

Flora attacked you with the force of a whirlwind. Fanny stole upon your senses like the soft wooing of a zephyr.

Brought up from childhood together, the two girls were as much attached as was consistent with a mutual knowledge of their idiosyncrasies. Lady Tremeneere was in the place of mother and chaperon to both, for Flora was an orphan, and Fanny's father, her only near relation, was a judge in India.

Flora and Tom Hardy were accepted lovers. They had been playmates together, their fathers, old college friends, both dead, had for years cherished the idea of an union between the two; and the dying wish of Charles Milvain of Treghnock, Cornwall, Esq., J.P., had been to the effect that his daughter should look to her old playmate Tom Hardy as her future husband. Milvain knew and loved the boy for his open, manly nature, and, as her mother had been dead many years, Flora was left to the care of old Lady Tremeneere. As a little girl, Flora had worshipped Tom Hardy. Was he not, at sixteen, the best cricketer, the finest shot, and the boldest rider for his age in the whole county of Cornwall? To be sure he was not quick at his books, and when he left Rugby to go to Oxford his tutor did not speak in a promising manner as to his chance of a first, or even of honors at all; but he was her dear boy nevertheless; and Tom departed for Bratenose madly in love with the budding Flora.

Since that time, and during the four years Tom spent at Oxford, the beauty's mind had undergone a change. She had been to school in Paris, and had spent a year in Germany, and in the capital of frivolity and in the land of poetry had acquired fresh tastes and developed old fancies. Arrived at home, she took to reading poetry and felt an interest in pictures; her character seemed unsettled, and fell into hero worship. Nevertheless, when Tom, as madly in love as ever, proposed to her when he left the university two or three months or so before our story opens, she accepted him, and the wedding was to take place about Christmas.

"Look sharp, Hardy; you will be wanted directly," said the Oxford captain, as Tom entered the pavilion. "By-the-by, who is that foreigner talking to Miss Milvain? I saw him just now, as I was passing your people's carriage," he added, as Tom was buckling the straps of his pads.

"The Count von Geisenheim, a German, and a very fine fellow," replied Tom. "I met him last year at Baden, and saw a good deal of him. He got me out of rather a nasty scrape over those blackguard gaming-tables. He has seen a lot of service, and has had some wonderful escapes. He called on me in London a week ago, and I introduced him to my relations, as he does not know many people in London. He is already, I hear, becoming quite the rage."

"Ah," said the other, "yes, I dare say. He's just the kind of man to take the women. Hallo, what's that? By Jove, Jennings out!"

A burst of applause announced that another Oxonian had been stumped off the slow bowler.

"Well bowled! well taken! well played indeed!" yelled the crowd of excited youngsters.

Six wickets down for forty-five runs, and seventy-seven wanted to win the match.

"Look!" said Flora, disturbed in her conversation by the shouting, "look auntie, Tom is going in! There—there he is!"

Fanny Moore laid down her book, and intently watched the match.

Tom stepped out to his first ball, caught it on the half volley, and smote it to the racket-court for four.

"Bravo, Hardy, well hit! Run it out!" roared the Oxonians.

"Oh, that dear boy!" exclaimed Flora, clapping her hands, her face beaming, and her eyes sparkling. "He will win the match, after all! Auntie, auntie, wake up, do! Don't you see Tom is winning the game? Oh, I am so delighted—!" She stopped suddenly, as she caught the Count's eyes fixed admiringly on her own.

Tom again stepped out to the slow bowler, but missed the hit; off went his balls like a flash of lightning.

"How's that?"

"Not out." He had recovered himself in time.

"Stead—e-e!" shouted the old fogies in the pavilion.

"Goose!" exclaimed, Flora, breathless with excitement. "He is so careless; he will never be a bat as long as he lives. O-o-h! did you see that?" she added, as Tom again stepped out and smacked the ball over the bowler's head for four.

Fifty runs were telegraphed, and the Oxonians cheered and shouted.

The next over was delivered by the fast bowl-

er. From the first ball a bye was made, and Tom again faced the bowler. His first ball pitched straight but broke out about a foot; down came the bat, and off shot the ball between point and cover point.

"Well out indeed," shouted the crowd, and Tom was rewarded with four more. The next ball he cut again, straight into point's hands; but 'twas too hot to hold.

"Ah, he's out!" exclaimed Flora. "No; point has dropped it. Bravo! Now he must win."

"And Mademoiselle also her gloves and her good-humor," murmured the Count, to whom the excitement was a mystery.

"Really, Count von Geisenheim, you must be very much bored by all this excitement," remarked Flora, coolly. "You know we often wonder what the intelligent foreigner would think of an English cricket match. If you have sufficient egotism to consider yourself intelligent, perhaps you will let us know what your deas are."

"Mademoiselle, the little intelligence I possess has prompted me to-day not to regard the cricket as much as its fair and excited votaries. You may think us foreigners milksops—perhaps with reason. I think not of muscular exercise when I am mentally occupied with the wit and profundity of your conversation."

"Dear me, Count, how you compliment me! Do you think I believe?"

"I do not ask you to believe. I merely make the compliment."

"He's laughing at me. He thinks me a child," thought Flora, in a pet. "He shall see that I am not to be despised, shall Monsieur le Comte."

Another cheer breaks her reverie. Tom had made a square leg hit for four down to the tennis-court, and the telegraph mounted sixty runs. In another ten minutes seventy was up, and in a quarter of an hour later ninety, Tom hitting freely all round, and his partner playing carefully and well.

Six wickets for ninety, and a thirty-two more wanted to win.

Now the Cantabs tried a change of bowling; the fast man was taken off and a lob bowler put on; slows at both ends. Tom smote the first lob for four and the second for three, but his partner, who got the next ball, skied it, and was well caught at long on.

Seven wickets for ninety-seven runs, and twenty-five more wanted.

The match was now intensely exciting, every eye in the ground was fixed on the players.

The next man drove the slow bowler for a single, and, attempting a second run, slipped between the wickets and was run out.

Eight wickets for ninety-eight runs, and twenty-four to win.

The ninth man was cautious, and played the bowling instead of hitting; then came Tom's turn again. He hit three fours in succession from the lob bowler, and amid the wildest excitement and shouting, a hundred and ten runs were telegraphed.

All this time Flora was half mad with frenzy and delight, the Count intent upon her, Fanny Moore intent upon Tom, and Lady Tremeneere peacefully snoozing.

The state of the game now was a hundred and ten runs for eight wickets, and twelve runs only wanted to win.

The fast bowler was again put on, and with his first ball there was a "click," and down went the Oxonian's middle stump. The Cantab cheers were long and deafening.

Nine wickets for a hundred and ten, and the last man in!

A bye was again run, only eleven to win now, and Tom Hardy faced the bowler.

"Oh, Tom, you darling," said Flora, half aloud, "if you win this match I'll love you for ever." The Count laughed quietly, and Fanny smiled.

"Oh, well hit," roared the mob of Oxonians, as Tom turned half round and hit hard and sure at the ball as it passed to leg. Away it bounded, "Three runs at least, run it out," yelled the mob again.

Four runs were made, and the batsmen paused to take breath. Only seven more wanted to win! The suspense was awful, several thousands of people were worked up to a pitch of the highest tension of excitement. Again the bowler delivers his ball; "crack," and Tom has cut it, and is running as if for dear life. Three more runs scored, and only four wanted to win!

The men in dark blue ties are all frantic. "Three to one on Oxford," is shouted.

One more ball, and the over is finished. Again the curling and insinuating bowler delivers a ball to Tom, away it goes to long off; two more runs scored, and only two wanted to win!

"Fifty to one on Oxford," roars a parson from the box-seat of a brougham, forgetful of his cloth in the frenzy of the moment.

One more ball is bowled, the last of the match. The Cantab delivers, the ball pitches to the off, Tom steps out to cut, the ball breaks in, the bats fly off, and a shout.

"How's that?"

"Out," cries the umpire.

And a deafening roar spreads round the ground, the crowd rush to the wickets, and before he knows where he is, the slow bowler is hoisted in triumph and discomfort and borne to the pavilion.

And Tom Hardy, crushed within an ace of victory, was crestfallen when he approached the girl he loved.

"Flora," he said, presently, "why won't you speak to me?"

"Well, tell me quickly, what is it you want?"

"I was going to ask you not to go to Mrs.

Carlton's dance to-night; you were dancing last night, and will be again to-morrow. I am awfully tired; you know I hate balls, and, besides, I want to talk with you."

"I cannot think of it; I have just promised Count Geisenheim three waltzes, I must go; besides, you have no reason to ask a favor, you, who have lost the match by your own carelessness."

Tom colored in anger. "Do you refuse me this little favor?"

"Absolutely and emphatically. Count, my parasol!"

CHAPTER II.

AS SEA.

A sequestered and wooded nook in Falmouth Bay, a white house at the foot of a hill, a croquet lawn stretching from the house to the water's edge; two girls carelessly knocking about the balls, and an elderly lady of a certain age reading a novel.

The month is August, the heat is sultry, and scarcely a cloud freckles the blue vault above.

'Tis six weeks since the cricket match, and Tom Hardy has been absent in Ireland for more than a month. Some property which he had inherited from his mother demanded his presence; and his time had been taken up with bailiffs, lawyers and land agents. Lady Tremeneere has hired a house in Falmouth Bay for the autumn, and Flora Milvain and Fanny Moore are of course with her.

"This is certainly a pretty place, but exceedingly dull," exclaimed Flora, throwing down her mallet, and looking round at the green hills above and the blue sea before her. "I long for some excitement. I wonder if there is any one worth knowing at Pendennis Castle."

"A few officers of artillery only, I believe," said Fanny, sitting down on a garden stool. "You long for excitement?—then play a game of croquet with me. You want some one to talk to?—discuss the new novel with auntie. What more can you desire? When did you say a certain gentleman would arrive?"

"Do you mean Tom? To-morrow, I think he said, or the day after. Poor old Tom! I wonder how he has borne his separation from me?"

"Has he not informed you, then?"

"Oh, of course; but men tell such untruths. Not that Tom does, by-the-by—he is honest himself, and never anything else—*toujours perdrix*. I can scarcely make him jealous even."

"What a terrible fault," returned Fanny; and then, with a show of spite, she added, "and he had considerable reason to be."

"Wretch! I hate you—sometimes," said Flora, meditatively; and, having naught else for her idle hands to do, she pulled to pieces a rose she had been wearing in her belt.

"Auntie had a letter this morning," said Fanny, quietly.

"What an extraordinary circumstance!"

"From a friend of yours."

"Indeed!"

"Cannot you guess from whom?"

"Really, Fanny, it is far too hot to guess."

"Count Geisenheim."

"No!!!"

And Mistress Fanny, having fired her shot, picked up some fancy-work and trotted into the house, leaving Flora meditating and Lady Tremeneere nodding.

Count Gustav von Geisenheim had pushed his intimacy with the old lady and her charges with considerable success. A man who has a magnificent baritone voice, a handsome person, captivating manners, and a title to boot, has no great difficulty in succeeding socially with an eager, excitable girl, or a good-natured old woman. The Count, however, had other attractions in Flora's eyes. He was a man who had seen the world, and knew it—who had been bred a soldier, visited many lands, and fought in a hundred fights. His was a voice to which all men listened with deference; his ideas and experiences were solicited by statesmen and politicians. If he was at home in a tent, he still shone in a drawing-room; if foreign politics fell glibly from his tongue, he could still carol a German song in full and melodious tones. In a fitful life of forty years he had seen much service; now fighting for Rome under Garibaldi, now joining an expedition against the Moors with the Spaniards, anon charging, with all the chivalry of the South, under Stuart, against the American Federals, and during his idle days gambling like a fiend or a Pole.

When the ladies assembled at lunch, Flora was eager to hear of the letter, but ashamed to inquire. Presently Lady Tremeneere said:

"Flora, my dear, I have been telling Fanny that the Count has written to say he is in the neighborhood, and hopes to be allowed to visit us. I shall be very much pleased, as I am certain he is fond of Fanny. We old people see a great deal more than you think. Ah, you may smile, Miss Flora. You mark my words: the Count will propose to Fanny—and Fanny, my dear, you might do worse."

"I don't believe Count Geisenheim will do anything of the kind," exclaimed Flora, quickly flushing to her eyes.

"Heyday! and why not?" said Lady Tremeneere. "He would hardly visit us so much for the sake of seeing me, I should think. Now, Fanny, I hope you will behave like a sensible girl, and accept the Count."

"Certainly, auntie, if he should propose to me, I will behave like a sensible girl."

Flora left the room soon after, and was seen no more that afternoon. Arrived at her own

room, she locked the door, threw herself on the bed, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she cried wildly, "why did you leave me to myself? Will you ever forgive me?"

The next morning brought a hot sun and Count Gustav von Geisenheim, found Fanny smiling and capricious, Flora reserved, but no longer dull.

Lady Tremeneere received the warrior graciously, the warrior kissed Lady Tremeneere's hand, and, after a few moments' interchange of civilities, joined Flora at the piano. For at least a couple of hours nothing save the strains of Bach and Schumann were heard in the room, except a *souffron* of a snore from an elderly lady, who fell asleep just as she reached the climax of the third volume.

And Fanny? Well, she was meditating as to her chances of becoming the *Grafinn* von Geisenheim, and the conclusion she came to was, they were infinitesimally small.

After two hours' music, Flora declared she must go and visit some poor old women in the village.

"Fanny, will you come?" said she.

"No, thanks; I'm too tired—tired with doing nothing—your state yesterday," replied Miss Sly-boots.

"Poor child! Take some *sal-volatile*," said Lady Tremeneere, who had awakened when the music stopped. "Perhaps the Count would like to see the village. What do you say?"

The Count would be delighted, and he looked into Flora's beaming face. Fanny made no observation, but looked encyclopedias.

The two passed through a meadow at the back of the house, crossed a style, and entered the little village of Penruddock.

"Here is my oldest pensioner," said Flora, entering a small cottage and laying down a few delicacies she had brought with her. "How do you do to-day, Mrs. Jenkin?"

"Thankee, my lady, but I'm middling," said the old crone. "Times is very hard; but it does me and the rheumatics good to see your sweet face."

"Look, Mrs. Jenkin, I have brought you a bottle of sherry from the house, to keep your strength up."

"Ay, thankee very much. Sherry wine is good, but poor stuff for an old person like me. But my grandchild shall have some of it; she's to be married soon, my lady."

"Ah, I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it."

"Yes—they all leave their poor old grandmother. Maybe you're going to do the same, miss, with the 'andsome gentleman by your side." Flora turned away as red as a rose. "Ah, sir, she's a pretty flower—take care of her. I've heard say in the village she had a 'andsome gentleman of her own. Take care of her; for you're older nor she by a goodish bit."

Flora left the cottage, followed by the Count. "Miss Milvain," said he, presently, "do you see now that you sometimes throw your gifts away where they are not appreciated? Would that, Lady Bountiful as you are to some, you allowed your charity to begin with yourself! I sometimes fancy that you might be appreciated more than you are by those to whom chance has given the right."

"Oh, Count, I think you are wrong," replied Flora. "All my friends are fond of me. You know I am an orphan, and do not possess many to love me. But Lady Tremeneere and Tom—and Fanny and my dear old trustee would do anything for me. But, to change the subject—I hate talking of myself—you were in America in the civil war, were you not?"

"Yes, until the close."

"Were you ever wounded?"

"Once or twice, slightly. England, however, was destined to deal the deepest wound I have ever received—sharper than a sabre-cut, deeper than a rifle-shot—a wound, Miss Milvain, I shall carry till I die—a wound I shall be proud of, marking, as it does, the brightest spot in my life."

"Not a very dangerous one, I hope," returned Flora, highly delighted.

"All wounds are dangerous, I believe, which are likely to affect the heart." And the Count bowed, and Flora blushed again.

Oh, Tom Hardy! why did you go to Ireland?—and, what is more to the point, why do you not come back?

So a week passed. The Count, who had taken rooms at St. Mawes, a little village just across the water, visited Lady Tremeneere (?) every day, and played, sang, rode, drove, and flirted with all the ardor of an English guardsman of twenty. Even the old lady herself began to think that, after all, Fanny might not be the object of the Count's attentions, and frequently asked when Tom was expected.

One hot evening after dinner the Count and Flora were seated on a garden-seat on the lawn. The drawing-room windows were open, Lady Tremeneere was enjoying the post-prandial sleep of a good digestion, and Fanny Moore was playing Beethoven's "Adieu." There was a delicious stillness about the air, only broken by the buzzing of innumerable insects. A dreamy languor and a soft sense of repose overspread the senses. Fanny began to sing Gounod's "Serenade." When she reached the second verse—

"Quand tu ris, sur ta bouche
L'amour s'épanouit
Et soudain le farouche
Souffron s'évanouit."

the Count, looking full into the liquid eyes before him, murmured:

"Often as I have listened to that song, never

till now did I realize how unspeakably true are the words, 'L'amour s'épanouit.' You have smiled on me more than once, Flora," he added, taking the blushing girl's hand in his; "what wonder, then, that love should appear, and take possession of me? Oh, Flora! I have lived a stormy life of peril and danger, but never have I conceived a disaster so terrible as indifference from you."

Flora hid her streaming eyes in her hands, and turned partially from him.

"They tell me you belong to another—a brave English gentleman; but one with whom you can never be happy. He cannot appreciate your divine intellect. Oh, Flora! tell me to leave you for ever—say that you hate me, but do not wring your heart with grief. Hear me when I say I love you, devotedly and absolutely."

A sound of wheels on the gravelled path and a horse trotting fast towards the house—a second more, and a dog-cart has turned in from the drive, and Tom Hardy leaps down from the box.

"Flora," he cries, "you have my letter, then, and you are waiting to receive me—dear girl! Ah, Count, I beg your pardon; I did not recognise you at first, and I did not know you were here. However, welcome to Cornwall."

Lady Tremeneere, roused by the noise of the wheels, came out and greeted Tom.

"How do you do, auntie?" said Tom. "Here I am again safe and sound. I had to delay my departure from Ireland a week, as I found so much to be done, both in business matters and in making ready for the nest of my lady-bird. By-the-by, Flora—"

But Flora had disappeared.

"I was going to say that I am going to buy a yacht, a small cutter, for the use of you ladies while you are here. Are you fond of boating, Count? She will be brought round to-morrow, and we will take our trial trip in her. What do you say, auntie?"

Auntie would be delighted.

"I shall be very glad if you will join us, Count, also," said Tom.

The Count would also be delighted and took his leave immediately.

"But where is Flora?" exclaimed Tom.

"She has gone to bed—bad headache, I believe," replied Fanny, drily.

"Poor girl! But the heat is very great. Do you know, Fanny," said Tom, sitting down beside her on the seat which Flora and the Count had occupied, "do you know, I sometimes fancy that Flora is not as loving to me as she used to be. I can talk to you of these things, I suppose, Fanny; for you have always been a dear little sister to me."

"Yes, we have known each other a long time, and I suppose you can say what you please. I am a child yet, or I suppose you would not treat me as one," said Fanny, bitterly.

"I know," continued Tom, "not heeding her answer, 'that I am not half great enough for my peerless Flora. I can do very little save play cricket; and she cannot think much of a man who is only a fast bowler, although he has played in the 'Varsity eleven,' he added, with a touch of pride. 'I have not read much poetry, cannot judge a good picture, and am not much at saying pretty things; but—I wish she had stayed up half an hour longer and talked to me.' And Tom lighted a cigar, and walked away."

The next morning a dainty little cutter yacht rounded the point in front of the lawn, and anchored in sight of the house. Lady Tremeneere, who had enjoyed much yachting in her youth, was delighted at the prospect of a day to be passed on the dancing blue water, and, having ordered a basket of luncheon on board, followed the provisions, and made herself very comfortable on deck.

"We shall not go far, auntie, to-day, as we are short-handed," said Tom. "Our crew consists of one man only, and a boy I have picked up in the village. Oh, Count, just in time—this way. I see you are not much accustomed to yachting. Do you swim?"

The Count Gustav von Geisenheim did not swim.

"Ah, that's a pity," continued Tom. "Now, Flora—is your headache better? I did not see you at breakfast, you know." Flora answered in monosyllables, looked pale, yet anything but ill.

The little vessel, impelled by a pleasant breeze, bounded over the wavelets. The day seemed made for enjoyment; yet, with the exception of Tom, who held the tiller, every one was silent and gloomy.

As for the Count, he spoke never a word, but sat smoking a cigarette on the weatherside bulwark. Lady Tremeneere began the first volume of a new novel, and by her side sat Flora and Fanny.

"This is glorious!" remarked Tom, puffing at a short pipe. "Flora, I hope you like 'The Sylph.' If you do, I'll keep her. You shall christen her with your own name."

"I like the boat very well; but I certainly shall not call her by my name. I think 'Flora' would be an absurd title for a yacht," replied Miss Milvain, pettishly.

"As you please, of course," returned Tom, slightly hurt.

At Pendennis Castle "The Sylph" was hailed to, the party landed, and the fort was explored. Count von Geisenheim smiled at the mimic preparations for defence, remnants of good old days, before iron-clads and Armstrong guns had been invented.

Again the little boat bounded over the waves, this time out to sea. Luncheon was discussed, and, after a few bottles of sparkle had been

opened and swallowed, the passengers were more lively, and good-humor increased.

At five o'clock the wind freshened, and the tide turned. Tom gave orders to veer round and tack in.

The pace was slow, and evening came upon them before they had reached Pendennis Point. "All right," said Tom. "We shall be at home by eight o'clock, in time for dinner."

The wind was now about three points abaft the beam, the yacht was wearing round to tack; Tom was at the rudder; Simpson, the boatman, had charge of the foresheet; the ladies were seated on the weather-side of the deck. The Count, on the other side, struck a match to light a cigarette, which he dropped. He stooped to recover it.

The main-sail began to flutter.

"Look out for the jibe," shouted Tom. "Count, what are you doing?"

The advice came too late; the wind caught the sail, the sheet rattled through the block, down went the cutter on one side, the boom swooped round, and struck the Count heavily on the chest. He staggered, and, before he could recover his position, fell backwards into the sea. The tide was running out fast.

"The life-buoy, Simpson!—quick!—the life-buoy!" cried Tom, putting down the rudder hard, and letting go the main-sheet. "Oh heavens! there is none on board!"

Flora sprang to her feet wildly. "Tom, Tom!" she cried, "for God's sake, save him!—he cannot swim."

Tom looked at her heaving breast and passionate eyes; for a moment he hesitated.

"Oh, Tom, you can and must save him! Oh, Tom, save him for my sake!—I LOVE HIM!!!"

Tom Hardy staggered; the blow had come upon him sudden and unexpected as a thunder-bolt.

"Flora, Flora!" he moaned piteously; then wild thoughts rushed through his brain. This friend, this traitor, was battling for life in the wave!—shall he—? Another moment he recollected himself—he gave up the tiller to Simpson.

"For your sake?—no! For my own manhood's sake—I will, so help me God."

And he kicked off his shoes, and plunged over the quarter into the sea.

The tide ran swift. Tom, after a minute's awful suspense, caught the now insensible Count with one hand, and, paddling with the other, drifted with the current, and was picked up by a small fishing boat.

"Thank God, thank God, they are saved!" cried Flora, and sank senseless on the deck!

CHAPTER III.

AT WAR.

Two years have passed; the scene is now the field of Vionville, the date is the 16th of August, 1870.

The battle has been raging since the early morning, and sorely are the Germans pressed. Alvensleben's small force is threatened on the right and left, his centre is being destroyed. A French battery of mitrailleuses is dealing death and, what is worse, disorder among the German infantry. What can the general do? There is no position between him and the enemy, save a ricketty cottage or so, that can be utilised, and now the French artillery, backed and flanked by a strong body of infantry, are echeloning in front in order to cut him in two. No infantry is at hand to arrest this movement; his artillery is overmatched; one course only is open; the batteries must be charged by cavalry.

The brigade is ordered to the front, and three regiments of cuirassiers, uhlands, and dragoons canter up the slope. A moment more, the canter becomes a gallop, and away they rush into the very jaws of death. The distance is short; they have passed on their left the ruined cottage over which floats the Geneva cross, and are intently watched by two men attached to the ambulance, who wear the badge on the arm.

"A second Balaklava," cried one in English. "See how they ride. Ah! the mitrailleuses have opened on them."

Distinguished among many gallant men, there rode at the head of the cuirassiers a horseman who, though covered with decorations, was no member of the brigade. His uniform was that of a black dragoon; no bullet struck him; comrades fell beside and close behind him, but he still rode gallantly forward.

"That man rides like an Englishman," quoth the red cross knight. "Oh! well charged."

The brigade, having left a quarter of its number behind, had now reached the batteries; a hailstorm of chasspot bullets greeted them, the mitrailleuses belched forth death, but still forward rode the brigade. Now they are among the gunners and sabring them at their guns—the brave fellows stick to their work to the last, and are cut down where they stand. A bullet lays low the commander of the brigade; the volunteer officer waves his sword and shouts, "Forward, my gallant, *donnerwetter* now for the infantry—forward!"

Not content with carrying the battery, away dashes the brigade towards the thick mass beyond. Half of that band of horsemen are *hors de combat*, and the storm of bullets is too deadly; the bugle sounds the retreat, and the brigade gallops back. Another battery opens upon them; a ball strikes the charger of the black dragoon; the animal staggers and drops; the soldier disengages himself and springs on the back of another, whose rider has just been stretched lifeless amongst the gorse. 'Tis an

unlucky change, for a bullet strikes the dragoon in the right arm, and a second afterwards he is pierced in the chest by another, the horse, too, is wounded, and the rider falls from his saddle and is dragged behind, his spur entangled in the stirrup.

"I can bear this no longer," cried the Englishman in the cottage; "I cannot see a gallant soldier die without making an effort to save him. Prepare restoratives; if I am not hit, I shall be back directly."

"What madness!" cried his companion, "it is certain death; at least wait till the firing has ceased."

"Not I; life or death are alike to me; God help me, if I can, I'll drag him out of gunshot."

And the young Englishman rushed from the cottage and sped across the field. The German lay beneath his dying charger, the retreating cavalry were still in sight, and bullets were whistling above him. After a mighty effort the wounded man was extricated; blood gushed from his mouth as he gasped—

"Du lieber Gott! Again—Hardy?"

"Yes, 'tis I—I did not know you were the man I had risked death to save, but I'll save you now, if I can. There is no time to be lost; come, lean on me; wait, I'll carry you." And Tom Hardy endeavored to lift the wounded soldier on his back.

Another fusillade from the French batteries, a storm of bullets, and Tom Hardy, struck in two places, is stretched bleeding and fainting by the side of the Count.

Raise the curtain again; the scene is the barrack at Wiesbaden, now turned into a hospital. Tom Hardy is lying on a bed in the room set apart for sufferers who are considered beyond recovery. Picked up on the field of Vionville, after several hours' exposure, he has been sent on to Wiesbaden to receive more efficient nursing. The journey, however, has brought on once more the raging fever, and the surgeon has declared that his frame is too much exhausted by wounds and rheumatism to recover itself. Tending the wounded are two ladies; they spend their whole day in the hospital, and write letters for the sick warriors who are too weak to hold a pen. One of these ladies is a girl in years, in patience and tenderness a woman. No amount of exertion seems to exhaust her heroic soul; from early morning to midnight she is tending the sufferers. Her companion is middle-aged and a widow, a woman replete with all a good housewife's knowledge of doctoring, and well and usefully does she exercise it. The young girl is English, and her name is Fanny Moore; the widow is German, and her name is Frau Fuchs.

Tom Hardy awoke one evening sensible; the fever had left him, but his prostration was so great, he could hardly move a finger: "Careful and constant nursing will alone save him," quoth the doctor, "and that is almost impossible to obtain, we have so many of our own sufferers."

Fanny Moore and her German friend were allowed to enter the room, when Fanny declared she would undertake the nursing.

Tom recognised her immediately; Fanny's eyes filled with tears; the patient was too weak to speak.

"My poor boy, who has brought you to this?" she murmured. "Now he needs my devotion, and he shall have it."

For three weeks Tom Hardy received the most assiduous and tender care; nature reasserted herself, and Tom rose from his bed thin and lame, but on the road to health. Fanny's devotion worked its own result; the heart of the sufferer was won.

"Fanny, sweet girl," he whispered, one evening after she had been reading to him, "your patience has rescued me from death, will you take my heart and love in exchange? Darling, I love you dearly, can you—will you love me?"

The blushing girl sank into his arms, and through her tears murmured in his ear—

"I have loved you all my life."

Let us turn to another scene, to Baden Baden and Flora von Geisenheim. The Count has been invalided, and is recovering from his wounds; Flora has tended him with all the devotion that her ardent yet tender nature can lavish; her love is still great, but has been sorely tried. Two years of married life have failed to lull her excitable temperament. Unsoothed by the sweet prattle of a child, she has followed her husband to the gaming-tables, and sought, in feverish excitement, to forget an unrequited love. Her fortune is rapidly dwindling away; her husband is little better than a pauper; with indifference from him, remorse for the past, poverty looming in the future, Flora von Geisenheim at twenty-two is but a pale reflection of her former self.

In the bright October weather, Tom Hardy sits by his wife's side, and feels at peace. In his pleasant Cornish home, the events of the last two years seem the creatures of a dream, as they recur to him sitting in the sunshine recovering health and strength. There are few sorrows that time cannot cure, and Tom can now look back without pain to that burst of disconsolate grief; his wanderings on the prairies; the intelligence of Flora's marriage, and the three months' frenzied dissipation in New York; then to his sorrow at the news of Lady Tremeneere's death, and Fanny's departure to find a home in Germany among friends of her dear mother; to the scent of powder which he had crossed the Atlantic to greet, and to the noble band of volunteers whom he had joined. All these pictures would float before him, and at the last he would turn to Fanny's loving eyes, and thank Heaven he was at rest.

BONNETS IN HEAVEN.

"The sweetest thing!" She held it up before me,
A trifle, very small, of flowers and lace,
And then she placed it, for my admiration,
Upon the curls above her charming face.

"It is a charming thing!" I answered, looking
Not at the bonnet, but her face, the while.
And she, who thought I meant the airy trifle,
Looked so delighted that I had to smile.

An hour after, as she sat beside me,
I whispered something 'bout love's Paradise:
She answered not, I saw that she was thinking
By the grave look which darkened in her eyes.

"What are you thinking, love?" I softly asked
her;
A moment more and her reply was given:
"Why, I was wondering—now don't think me foolish,
If angels have new bonnets up in heaven!"

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER XII.

LUCIUS HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH A FAMOUS PERSONAGE.

It is one thing for a man to make a rash promise, but another thing for him to keep it. A man in love will pledge himself to any enterprise—to any adventure—even to the discovery of a new planet or a new continent, should his mistress demand as much. After contemplating the question from every possible point of view, Lucius Davoren was disposed to think that he had pledged himself to the performance of something that was more impossible than astronomical or geographical discovery, when he promised to find Lucille Sivewright's father, or, failing that, obtain for her at least the story of his fate.

It had seemed a great point to get the old man to speak freely of his lost son; but even with this new light thrown upon the business, an Egyptian darkness still surrounded the figure of the missing man. He had sailed for a certain port. He might be still a denizen of that Southern city. Yet what less likely in such a man's career than continued residence anywhere. The criminal is naturally a wanderer. He has no fixed abiding-place. Fresh woods and pastures new are the necessity of his contraband existence. Like a smuggled keg of cognac, he passes from place to place under a cloud of mystery. None see him arrive or depart. Like the chameleon, he changes color—now wearing dyed whiskers and a wig, now returning to the hues of nature. He has as many names as the Roman Jupiter.

Had Lucius been a free man, he might have gone straight to Rio, and hunted up the traces of the missing man, unaided and alone. He might have discovered some clue, even after the lapse of years since the sailing of the Spanish merchantman *El Dorado*. It was just within the limits of possibility that he might have found the man himself.

But to do this would have involved the abandonment of much that was of vital moment to himself—would have indeed thrown the whole scheme of his existence out of gear. In the first place he was poor, and his pitiful salary as parish doctor was of inestimable value to him. Now a parish doctor has no more liberty to rove than the parish turncock, and vast would be the wonder of the vestry—or the overseers—if informed that the parish surgeon had gone for a fortnight's grouse shooting on the Sutherland hills, or set sail for the Mediterranean in a friend's yacht, or joined one of the great Cook's caravans for Egypt or Peru.

Again, Lucius had now the nucleus of a very fair private practice. His patients, for the most part small tradesmen, paid punctually, and there were among them some wealthy traders whose custom was worth having. He saw the beginning, very small it is true, but the beginning of fortune. That dream of Savile-row was to be realised out of such small beginnings. His patients believed in him, and talked of him; and, so far as reputation can be made in such a place as the Shadrack Basin district, his reputation was fast being made. To turn his back upon all this would be to sacrifice, or at any rate to postpone indefinitely, his hope of winning a home for the woman he loved.

Beyond this there remained a third reason why he should refrain from setting forth upon that wild-goose chase which, however barren as to result, would at least serve to prove him

the most devoted and chivalrous of lovers. To go to Rio was to leave Lucille, and for an indefinite period; since the business upon which he would go was essentially a business requiring deliberation, ample leisure, time for inquiry, for travelling to and fro, time enough to waste in following up trails that might prove false, but which promised fair at starting, time and indomitable patience. How could he afford time and patience with his heart racked by fears for the safety of Lucille? What might not happen during his absence? The old man was in so precarious a condition that his illness might at any moment take a fatal turn—in a state so critical that to deliver him over to a strange doctor, and perhaps a careless one, would be a kind of assassination.

Thus, after profound thought, Lucius determined that even love should not impel him to so rash a course as a voyage to Rio in quest of Ferdinand Sivewright.

"After all," he said to himself, "there is no wiser saying than that of Apelles to the cobbler. Let every man stick to his own trade. I may be a clever surgeon, but a very poor detective—

he said; "twelve years is a long time. See what a number of earthquakes and shipwrecks and revolutions and what you may call general blow ups you get in a dozen years; and then consider the case of one individual man who may drop through at any moment, who, being by nature a bad lot, will change his name any number of times. However, I can put the business into the hands of a party out yonder who will do all that can be done on the spot."

"Yonder, meaning Rio?" inquired Lucius.

"Have you correspondents so far afield?"

"Sir," said Mr. Otranto, with a complacent glance at the map of the world which hung against the wall opposite him, "there are very few corners of this habitable earth where I have not a correspondent."

The business was settled without further discussion. Lucius gave Mr. Otranto a substantial deposit, to prove that his inquiry was not prompted by frivolity, and to insure that gentleman's zeal; private inquiry being, as Mr. Otranto indirectly informed his client, a somewhat expensive luxury.

This done, Lucius felt that he had not been

"Let me hear you play. Poor grandpapa is seldom down-stairs of an evening now. There could be no harm in your bringing your violin, and playing a little now and then when he has gone back to his room. His room is so far from the parlor that he would never hear you, and, after all, a violin is not a crime. Do let me hear you, Lucius! The old sweet sad music will remind me of my father. And I know you play divinely," she added, looking up at him with innocent admiring eyes.

What could he do? He was mortal, loved music to distraction, and had some belief in his own playing.

"So be it, my sweetest. I'll bring the Amati; but you must stow him away in some dusky corner between whiles, where your grandfather cannot possibly discover him, or he might wreak his vengeance upon my treasure. After all, as you say, there can be no harm in a violin, and it will be hardly a breach of honor for me to play you a sonata now and then, after my patient has gone to bed. Your father must have been a fine player, or his playing would have hardly made such an impression upon you as a child of seven."

"Yes," she answered dreamily, "I suppose it was what you call fine playing. I know that it was sometimes mournful as the cry of a broken heart, sometimes wild and strange—so strange that it has made me cling closer to his knees, as I sat at his feet in the dusky room, afraid to look round lest I should see some unearthly form conjured out of the shadows by that awful music. You know how children look behind them with scared faces as they cower round the Christmas fire, listening to a ghost story. I have felt like that when I listened to my father's playing."

"I will bring you pleasanter music, Lucille, and conjure no ghosts out of the evening shadows—only happy thoughts of our future."

This was the prelude of many peaceful evenings, full of a placid happiness which knew not satiety. Lucius brought his Amati, feeling very much like a conspirator when he conveyed the instrument into Mr. Sivewright's house by stealth, as it were, and gave it into Lucille's keeping, to be hidden by day, and only to be brought forth at night, when her grandfather had retired to his remote bedchamber, beyond ken of those sweet sounds.

The old woman in the bonnet—who was at once housekeeper, cook, laundress, and parlor-maid in this curious establishment—was of course in the secret. But Lucius had found this ancient female improve upon acquaintance, and he was now upon intimate and friendly terms with her. She had lived for an indefinite length of years in Mr. Sivewright's service—remembered Lucille's childhood in the dark old back rooms in Bond-street—but no power of persuasion could extract any information from her. Upon entering Mr. Sivewright's household in the remote past she had promised to hold her tongue; and she was religiously silent to this hour. Of the old man she could never be induced to say more than the one expression of her opinion involved in the statement that he was a "car-rack-ter;" a remark which, accompanied as it always was with a solemn shake of her head, might be complimentary or otherwise.

Lucille she praised with fondest enthusiasm, but of Lucille's father she said not a word. On the various occasions when Lucius had ventured to press his question on this subject, she had acted always in the same manner. Her countenance assumed a dark and forbidding aspect; she abruptly set down the dish, or tray, or teapot, or whatever object she might happen to be carrying, and as abruptly vanished from the room. Persistence here availed nothing.

"Mr. Sivewright bound me over not to talk about his business when he first engaged me," she said once, when hard pressed by Lucius, who had hoped through her to obtain some better clue to the fate of Ferdinand Sivewright. "I've held my tongue for upwards of five-and-twenty years. It ain't likely I should begin to blab now."

Although uncommunicative, this faithful domestic was not unfriendly. She treated Lucille with an affectionate familiarity, and in a manner took the lovers under her wing.

"I was sure and certain, the first time I laid eyes on him, that you and Dr. Davory would keep company," she said to Lucille; and her protecting influence overshadowed the lovers at all times, like the wings of a guardian angel. She evidently regarded herself in the light of Miss Sivewright's duenna; and would come away from some mysterious operations in the labyrinthine offices and outhouses of the ancient mansion, where she had a piece of lumber which she spoke of casually as her good gentleman, in order to hover about Lucille and Lucius in their walks, or to listen, awe-stricken and open-mouthed, to the strains of the violin. Discovering ere long that this rough unpolished jewel was not wanting in some of the finer qualities of the diamond, Lucius admitted Mrs. Wincher, in some measure, to his confidence—discussed his future freely in her presence, imparted his hopes and fears, and felt that perhaps within this common husk dwelt the soul of a friend; and assuredly neither he nor Lucille could afford to sacrifice a friend on account of external shortcomings. So Mrs. Wincher was accepted by him, bonnet and all, and her hoverings about the pathway of innocent love went unreprieved.

"I am so glad you are not angry with Wincher for being a little too familiar," said Lucille. "She cannot forget that she took care of me when I was a poor solitary child in those back



"THE HAPPY DAWN."

officer; and it will be safer to spend the little money I can spare in employing a retired policeman than in trying my prentice hand in the art of detection. We bluster a good deal in the newspapers about the incompetence of the police—when they fail to hunt up a criminal who has plunged into the great sea of humanity, leaving not a bubble to mark the place where he went down—yet I doubt if any of those brilliant journalists who furnish indignant editorials on the police question would do much better in the detective line than the officials whose failures they ridicule. Yes, I will submit the case to Mr. Otranto, the private detective."

Once resolved, Lucius lost no more time; but called at Mr. Otranto's office in the city, and was fortunate enough to find that gentleman at home—a plain-mannered little man, with a black frock-coat buttoned up to the chin, and the half-military stamp of the ex-policeman strong upon him. He was a brisk little man, too, disinclined to waste time upon unnecessary detail.

To him Lucius freely confided all he knew about Ferdinand Sivewright—his character, antecedents, the ship in which he sailed, the port from which he went, the approximate date of his departure.

Mr. Otranto shrugged his shoulders. He had whistled a little impromptu accompaniment to Mr. Davoren's statement under his breath; a kind of internal whistling, indicative of deepest thought.

"I'm afraid it's not the most hopeful case,"

false to his pledge. He told Lucille nothing, however, except that he meant to keep his promise, so far as it was possible and reasonable for him to keep it.

"If I tell you that I think you foolish for cherishing a wild hope, dearest, you will tell me that I am unkind," he said, as they paced their favorite walk in the barren old garden at sunset that evening.

"Lucius," said Lucille, not long after this, "I am going to ask you a favor."

"My dearest, what do I live for except to please you?"

"O, Lucius, a great many things; for your patients, for science, for the hope of being a famous doctor by and by."

"Only secondary objects of my life now, Lucille. They once made the sum of life, I grant; they are henceforth no more than means to an end—and that end is the creation of a home for you."

"How good of you to say that! I am hardly worthy of such love, when my heart dwells so much upon the past. Yet, Lucius, if you could only know how I cling to the memory of that dim strange time, which seems almost as far away as a dream, you would forgive me even for putting that memory above my affection for you."

"I forgive you freely, darling, for a sentiment which does but prove the tenderness and constancy of your nature. I am content even to hold the second place. But what is the favor you have to ask Lucille?"

rooms in Bond-street, and I know she is faithful and good."

Mrs. Wincher's good gentleman was a feeble prowling old man, who took charge of the collection, and pattered about from morn till dewy eve—which, by the way, never was dewy in the Shadrack district—dusting, polishing, arranging and rearranging Mr. Sivewright's treasures—a very feeble old man, but learned in all the mysteries of bric-à-brac, and enthusiastic withal; a man whose skilful hands wandered about among egg-shell china, light as the wing of a butterfly. He had been Mr. Sivewright's factotum in Bond-street, but was no more inclined to be communicative than Mrs. Wincher, whom he spoke of, with reciprocal respect, as his good lady.

Happy summer evenings, when, in the deepening dusk, Lucius awoke the sweet sad strains of his violin, while Lucille sat knitting by the window, and Mrs. Wincher, in the inevitable bonnet, occupied the extreme edge of a chair by the door, listening with folded arms and the serious attention of a musical critic.

"I can't say but what I've a preference for livelier toons," she would remark, after patiently awaiting the end of a sonata, "but the fingering is beautiful. I like to watch the fingering. My good gentleman used to play the fiddle very sweet afore we was married—"John Anderson," and the "Bird Waltz," and "British Grenadiers," and such-like—but he gave it up afterwards. There was no time to waste upon music in Bond-street. Up early and abed late, and very often travel a hundred miles backards and forwards between morning and night to attend a sale in the country—that was Mr. Sivewright's motto."

These musical entertainments were naturally of rare occurrence. Mr. Sivewright had been for some time gradually improving, and was more inclined for society as his strength returned, but was, on the other hand, disinclined to come down-stairs; so Lucius and Lucille had to spend the greater part of their time in his room, where Lucius entertained his patient with tidings of the outer world, while Lucille made tea at a little table in the narrow space which the collector had left clear in the midst of his crowded chamber. There were a few flowers now in the one unobstructed window, and Lucille had done all she could, with her small means, to make the room pretty and homelike.

Mr. Sivewright listened while the lovers discussed their future, but with no indulgent ear.

"Love and poverty!" he said, with his harsh laugh; "a nice stock-in-trade upon which to set up in the business of life. However, I suppose you are no more foolish than all the fools who have travelled the same beaten road before your time and the same old question remains to be solved by you, just as it has been solved by others—whether the love will outlast the poverty, or the poverty outlive the love."

"We are not afraid to stand the test," said Lucius.

"We are not afraid," echoed Lucille.

CHAPTER XIII.

HE FEARS HIS FATE TOO MUCH.

The quiet course of Lucius Davoren's life, so full of hard work and high hopes and simple unalloyed happiness, was by-and-by interrupted by a summons from Geoffrey, that spoiled child of fortune, who, in his hour of perplexity, turned again to that staunch friend whose counsel he had set at naught.

This was Geoffrey Hossack's letter:

STILLMINGTON, August 13th.

Dear Lucius,—I daresay you'll be surprised to see me still abiding in this sleepy old place, when yesterday's gray dawn saw the first shot fired on many a moor from York to Inverness. However, here I am, and in sore distress of mind, no nearer a hopeful issue out of my perplexities than I was when you ran down here nearly four months ago to see that dear child. Will you come down again, like a good old fellow, forget how rude and ungracious I was last time I saw you, and hear my difficulties, and help me if you can?

After all, you are the only man whose good sense and honor I would trust in such a crisis of my life—the only friend before whom I would bare the secrets of my heart. Do come, and promptly.—Yours, as ever, G. H."

Of course Lucius complied. He left London early in the afternoon, and arrived at Stillmington a little before evening. He found Geoffrey waiting on the platform, with much of the old brightness and youthfulness of aspect, but with a more thoughtful expression than of old in the candid face, a graver look about the firm well-cut mouth. They greeted each other in the usual off-hand manner.

"Uncommonly nice of you to come, old fellow," said Geoffrey. "I ought to have run up to you, of course, only—I've taken root here, you see. I know every post in the streets, every tree in the everlasting avenues that make the glory of this slow old town. But still I remain. You're looking fagged, Lucius, but bright as of old."

"I have been working a little harder than usual, that is all," replied Lucius, who was disinclined to speak of his new happiness yet awhile. It would be time enough to tell Geoffrey when the future lay clearer before him; and as he had somewhat ridiculed his friend's passion, he did not care to own himself a slave.

"Now, Geoffrey, what is the matter?" he asked presently, as they strolled slowly along one of those verdant avenues of lime and chestnut which surrounded the little gem-like town

of Stillmington with a network of greenery. Still the old story, I suppose?"

"Yes, Lucius, the old story, with very little variation. She is here, and I can't tear myself away, but go dawdling on from day to day and hour to hour. Half-a-dozen times I have packed my portmanteaus and ordered the fly to take me to the station, and then at the last moment I have said to myself, 'Why should I go away? I am a free man, and an idle one, and may just as well live here as anywhere else.'"

"Ah, Geoff, that comes of your being without a profession."

"It would be just the same if I were half-way towards the Woolsack—ay, if I were Lord Chancellor—I should only be torn in twain between my profession and my hopeless foolish love."

"But how does it happen that she—Mrs. Bertram—is still here? Are there perpetual concerts in Stillmington?"

"No; but after the little girl's illness, perhaps in consequence of that, she took a disgust for concert singing. She fancied the hurrying from place to place—the excitement caused by frequent change of scene—bad for her darling's health. Nor was this her only reason; she has often told me her own dislike of public life. So when the little girl recovered, Mrs. Bertram advertised for pupils in the local papers. The doctor, who had taken a great fancy to her, recommended her to all his patients, and in less than a month she had secured half a dozen pupils, and had taken nicer rooms than those in which you saw her. She has now a singing class three times a week. I hear them sol-fa-ing when I pass the windows during my morning walk. There is even a little brass-plate on the door: 'Mrs. Bertram, teacher of music.' Imagine, Lucius, the woman I love to the verge of idolatry is obliged to put a brass-plate on her door and teach squalling misses, while I am wallowing in wealth."

"A much better life for any woman than that of a public singer," said Lucius; "above all for —"

"Such a lovely woman as Jane Bertram. Yes, I agree with you. Who could see her and not adore her? But think, Lucius, how superior this woman must be to all the things which most women love, when she can willingly surrender professional success, the admiration of the public, even the triumph of her art, for the love of her child, and shut herself in from the world, and resign herself to lead a life as lonely and joyless as the life of a convent."

"It proves, as you say, that the lady possesses a superior mind, for which I should have given her credit even without such evidence. But it appears that in her seclusion she has not closed her door against you, since you are so familiar with her opinions and her mode of life."

"There you are wrong. I have never crossed the threshold of her present abode. On the very day you left Stillmington she told me in the plainest words, but with a gentleness that made even unkind words seem sweet, that she could receive no farther visits from me. 'You have been very good,' she said, 'and in the hour of trouble such friendship as you have shown to me is very precious. But now the danger is past I can only return to my old position. It is my destiny to live quite alone; pray do not try to come between me and Fate.'"

"You pleaded against this decision, I suppose?"

"With all the force of the truest passion that man ever felt. I think I was almost eloquent, Lucius, for at the last she burst into tears; she entreated me to desist, told me that I was too hard upon her, that I tempted her too cruelly. How could I tempt her if she did not care a straw for me? These ambiguous phrases fanned the flame of hope. I left her at her command, which I dared not disobey, but I stayed in Stillmington."

"You have stayed on all this time and seen no more of her?"

"Pas si bête. No. I have seen her and talked to her now and then. She is obliged to give her child an airing every fine afternoon. She has no maid here, and the mother and child walk out together. Sometimes, but not too often, for that would seem like persecution, I contrive to meet them, and join them in their ramble in one of the long avenues or across a breezy common; and then, Lucius, for a little while I am in Paradise. We talk of all manner of things; of life and its many problems, of literature, art, nature, religion, and its deepest mysteries; but of her past life she never speaks, nor of her dead husband. I have studiously refrained from any word that might seem to pry into her secrets, and every hour I have spent with her has served but to increase my love and honor for her."

"You have again asked her to be your wife?"

"Over and over again, and she has refused with the same steadfast persistence, with a constancy of purpose that knows no change. And yet, Lucius, I believe she loves me. I am neither such a blockhead nor such a scoundrel as to pursue any woman to whom I was an object of dislike, or even of indifference. But I see her face light up when we meet; I hear the sweet tremulous tone of her voice when she speaks of the love she refuses to grant me. No, Lucius, there is no indifference, there is no obstinate coldness there. God only knows the reason which keeps us asunder, but to me it is an inexorable mystery."

"And you have sent for me only to tell me this. In your letter you spoke of my helping you. How can any help of mine aid you here?"

"In the first place, because you are a much cleverer fellow than I am, a better judge of human nature, able to read aright much that is a

mystery to me. In the second place, you, who are not blinded by passion, ought speedily to discover whether I am only fooling myself with the fancy that my love is returned. You know I was just a little inclined to be jealous of you the last time you were here, old fellow."

"You had not the faintest reason."

"I know. Of course not. But I was fool enough to grudge you even her gratitude. I don't mean to repeat that idiocy. You are the only friend whose opinions I really respect. The common run of one's acquaintance I look upon as egotistical monomaniacs; that is to say, they have all gone mad upon the subject of self, and are incompetent to reason upon anything that has not self for its centre. But you, Lucius, have a wider mind; and I believe, your judgment being untroubled by passion, you will be able to read this mystery aright, to fathom the secret my darkened eyes have vainly striven to pierce."

"I believe that I can, Geoffrey," said Lucius gravely. "But tell me first, do you really wish this mystery solved, for good or for evil, at the risk even of disenchantment?"

"At any hazard; the present uncertainty is unbearable. I am tortured by the belief that she loves me, and yet withholds her love. That if inclination were her only guide, she would be my wife; and yet she toils on, and lives on, lonely, joyless, with nothing but her child's love to brighten her dreary days."

"There are many women who find that enough for happiness. But, no doubt, as your wife her existence might be gayer, her position more secure."

"Of course. Think of her, Lucius, that loveliest and most refined among women, slaving for a pittance."

"I do think of her, I sympathise with her, I admire and honor her," answered the other, with unwonted earnestness.

"And yet you advise me against marrying her. That seems hardly consistent."

"I have advised you not to marry her in ignorance of her past life. If she will tell you the secret of that past—without reserve—and you find nothing in the story to damp or kill your love, I will no longer say do not marry her. But there must be nothing kept back—nothing hidden. She must tell you all, even if her heart almost breaks in the telling. And it will then be for you to renounce her and your love, or to take her to your heart of hearts to reign there for ever."

"I do not fear the test," cried Geoffrey eagerly. "She can have nothing to tell me that she should blush to speak or I to hear. She is all goodness and truth."

"Have you ever asked for her confidence?"

"Never. Remember, Lucius, I possess her friendship only on sufferance. In a moment she may give me my irrevocable dismissal, forbid me ever to speak to her any more, as she has forbidden me to visit her. I could not afford to surrender even those occasional hours we spend together."

"In that case why send for me? I thought you wanted to bring matters to a crisis."

"Why, so I do. Yet at the thought of her anger I grow the veriest coward. Banishment from her means such unutterable misery, and to offend her is to provoke the sentence of banishment."

"If she is as good and true as you believe, and as I too believe her to be, she will not be offended by your candor. She may have a confession to make to you which she could hardly make unasked, but which once being made might clear away all doubt, remove every impediment to your happiness."

"You are right. Yes, I will hazard all. What is that old verse?"

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all.

Just imagine my feelings on the twelfth, Lucius, when I thought of my collection of guns going to rust, and those Norwegian hills that I had made up my mind to shoot over this very August."

"Bravely said, Geoff. And now I will do my utmost to aid you. I think that I may have some small influence with Mrs. Bertram. Her gratitude exaggerated the trifling service I did her sick child. I will write her a letter; as your friend I can say much more than you could say for yourself. You shall deliver it into her hands, and then ask her, in the simplest, plainest words, to tell you whether she loves or does not love you; and, if she owns to caring for you a little, why it is she rejects your love. I think you will come at the truth then."

"You will write to her?" cried Geoffrey aghast.

"You almost, a stranger!"

"How can I be a stranger when she thinks I saved her child's life? Come, Geoffrey, if I am to help you I must go to work in my own way. Give Mrs. Bertram my letter, and I'll answer for it, she will give you her confidence."

Geoffrey looked at his friend with the gaze of suspicion. Yet, after entreating his aid, he could hardly reject it, even if the manner of it seemed clumsy and undiplomatic.

"Very well, I'll do it. Only, I must say, it strikes me as a hazardous business. Write your letter; but for heaven's sake remember she is a woman of a most sensitive nature, a most delicate mind! I implore you not to offend her."

"I know more of her mind than you do,—by the light of psychology."

"Very likely," replied Geoffrey rather gloomily. "But you haven't hung upon her words or studied her looks day after day as I have done.

Psychology is an uncommonly easy way of getting at a woman's mind if you know much of her after a single interview. However, write your letter, and I'll deliver it. I can cut my throat if it makes her angry."

"One does not cut one's throat at seven-and-twenty," said Lucius coolly. "And now, Geoff, if you have no objection, I should not be sorry to bend my steps towards your hotel with a view to refreshment. We seem to have wandered rather far afield."

Geoffrey, in his desire for unrestrained converse with his friend, had led him away from the town, by a winding road that ascended a gentle hill; a wooded hill covered with richest green sward, whence they looked downward on the gentlemanlike town of Stillmington, with its white villas and spotless streets and close-cut lawns and weedless flower-beds, over which the spirits of order and prosperity spread their protecting wings. The respectable family hotel proudly dominated the smaller tenements of the high street, its well-kept garden gaudy with geraniums, its fountain bubbling mildly in the sunset.

"Come along, old fellow," said Geoffrey; "it was rather too bad of me to forget how far you'd travelled. I've ordered dinner for eight sharp; and hark, the clock of Stillmington parish church proclaims half-past seven, just time enough to get rid of the dust of the journey before we sit down. And after—"

"After dinner," said Lucius, "I'll write to Mrs. Bertram."

"Then by Apollo, as old Lear says, I'll deliver the letter to-night. I couldn't afford to sleep upon it. My courage would evaporate, like Bob Acres's, before morning."

Thus, with simulated lightness, spoke the lover, while strange doubts, gnawing fears consumed his heart.

(To be continued.)

NURSY-PURSY.

[This poem, written by a child aged only five years and three months, is printed more as a literary curiosity than for any other reason. A kind of tender pathos may be observable here and there, which, in a child so young, is at least surprising.]

Who wore a hideous high-crown'd cap,
Who called me tootsy-wootsy chap,
Yet used my little head to slap?
Dear Nursy-pursy.

Who said she'd watch, then meanly slept,
And pinch'd me spiteful when I wept,
And for my pap her stale crusts kept?
Dear Nursy-pursy.

Who gazed into my heavy eye,
And said, "A powder we must try;
This horrid child, he lives too high?"
Dear Nursy-pursy.

Who, when I yell'd, cried, "Hold your din!"
Or choked me with a drop of gin
(It wasn't spasms, but a pin?)
Dear Nursy-pursy.

Who on my toddlums let me run
Much sooner than she should have done,
Which I've grown up a bandy one?
My Nursy-pursy.

MORAL: Drat her!

THE LOSER WINS!

(Concluded.)

I cannot say that my observation was brilliant, but it was something to have spoken, even though my voice sounded like a croak; for, by some mysterious process, my heart had jumped into my throat, where it stuck crosswise, and my tongue had become too large for my mouth.

"Yes, beautiful, but rather bright for fishing, is it not?"

"I assure you I infinitely prefer basking to fishing."

"That is a want of devotion to sport against which you should struggle. Tom acknowledges that the besetting sin of the army is laziness."

"Do you dislike the army?"

"No—no, not at all. Yet I am not sure that if I were a man I would adopt it for a profession."

"Why?"

"It seems to me, pardon me, a rather profitless existence. Confess you feel, sometimes, a little like a drone?"

I determined to send in my papers at once. Now for the plunge.

"No, I do not feel the least like one. I believe a drone is, in the main, a happy fellow; he eats, drinks, and is merry, while I am thoroughly unhappy."

One look, and I felt she had read my story; then she seemed to shrink from me, and changed the subject.

"Don't mind what Tom said about Chanticleer. Mr. French would not have asked you to ride him if he were not safe, and I have seen him go admirably. But Miss—Of course," she continued hurriedly, "you and Captain Egremont will come to the races with us."

"I was not alluding to the races," said I, determined to have my say at last. "I was—"

"See, Tom has been successful; he has a fish; I must go and land it," she exclaimed, starting up.

At that moment a boat shot round the bend, propelled by Egremont, who sculled like a waterman. He stopped when he saw us.

"Are you not afraid of spoiling your complexion, Captain Egremont?" said Adela.

"Not at all," he replied; "it's a lovely day on the river; do come for a short pull. See, I have room for you in the stern, and you can steer. Now Jack, hold that stern steady while Miss Meredyth steps on it."

As he spoke, he backed the boat to the bank, and ere I well knew what had happened, she was sitting in the stern; he pulling away with a flush of triumphant delight on his face.

"We won't be long, Mr. Brandon; have a trout when we return," she laughed; as the boat swept away down stream, I stood for a short time, torn by furious jealousy. Then declining Tom's invitation to remain for luncheon, I started home like one demented. She loved him after all. I recalled her tone as the boat passed away. Every syllable was a poisoned dagger. Knowing that I loved her, she laughed at me! Egremont was then no doubt telling her the story she would not hear from me. The boat gliding on in the noontide hush—the oars at rest—he bending forward in passionate pleading—Adela listening with folded hands and downcast eyes, with beating heart and heightened color, while a magnetic, unspoken language told him he was loved. It was too bitter, and with a blackness of despair that I had never imagined possible, I flung myself upon my bed and lay there for hours.

I did not see Egremont until next morning, when neither of us alluded to the episode of the day before; but I thought that, for a successful lover, he looked rather grave. I determined never to see Adela again, and adhered to my determination with unconquerable firmness for two days, when Mr. Meredyth called at the barracks, and insisted on our returning with him to Grangemore.

"How very ill you look, Mr. Brandon," was Mrs. Meredyth's first observation to me, as I joined her in the pleasure-ground after dinner. "You have been working too hard, or training too hard, after the manner of you gentlemen riders. So we are to have the pleasure of bringing you and Captain Egremont to the races. How provoking it is that only one of you can win; but remember one of you must win, for I am determined that the winner shall belong to my party."

"A determination that will no doubt be shared by some five or six others," I replied.

"No matter; my motto is 'Where there's a will there's a way.' You must try hard that I shall not be disappointed."

"My dear Mrs. Meredyth, I am an exemplification of the fallacy of that old adage."

"Indeed! Perhaps you did not wish with all your might."

"I did, indeed—with all my soul," I said, sadly.

"Then," she replied, kindly, "you must have been willing an impossibility, a fault of no great magnitude at your age. Remember there is another old adage, 'What is, is best.' If want of success has made you unhappy, I am sorry for you; you must only take courage. In the future you will perhaps agree with the poet that 'Sorrows remembered sweeten present joys.'"

"Then you think unhappiness is not an unmitigated evil?"

"I think it is questionable if it be an evil. Happiness exists but by comparison with its reverse, therefore the existence of one is necessary to that of the other. However, theorising on unhappiness will not make it less. Take the advice, Mr. Brandon, of an old woman; do not give way to unhappiness. You have youth and health, the greatest blessings of this life; do not lie down like a coward, because you may have failed once in some desire. Try again, and if unsuccessful still, let it but inspire you with determination never to rest till you succeed. If success does not follow, you will nevertheless, in the attempt, have secured the unfailing panacea for all worldly misery—work. Now come in, and Adela and Captain Egremont will charm away your blue fit with a duel."

Dear, kind Mrs. Meredyth! Little did she know the refined torture she prepared for me. I believe they sang well, but that duel will ever be to me one of the most unpleasant reminiscences of my life. I sat in a corner, and remember considering that the mutual declarations of love, and his cool request that she would fly with him somewhere or other, over the moonlit sea, were positively outrageous, and should have been stopped by her father. During the evening Adela appeared more affable than usual; her manner to me was half-apologetic, but I preserved what I considered a dignified coolness and reserve. The wretched evening at length came to an end, and we drove home silent and thoughtful.

Monday came at last, a beautiful day, too fine, indeed, for the horses and riders, for the ground was hard as iron. I had become madly anxious that Egremont should not win the race. For him I had conceived the most unreasoning hatred. In every look of his I thought I could detect a gleam of triumph which I resented bitterly. We arrived early, and had I been in a different mood there was abundant field for amusement. Hundreds of vehicles came pouring on to the course, from the well-appointed drag to the most extraordinary constructions that ever set the rules of coach-building at defiance. Seventy or eighty long gipsy tents were crammed with thirsty natives, and many thousands thronged the course, every fence having its crowd of particular admirers, as they calculated on the probability of a fall—the falling

being to an Irishman the main interest of a race.

Having threaded my way through the carriages, with their attendant roulette-boards and nigger minstrels, and received at least thirty invitations to return for luncheon after the race, and many wishes for success, I took refuge in the saddling yard, where I found Chanticleer looking fit as paint, and his owner rather anxious but sanguine. The first race was over, and around each carriage and trap luncheon parties gathered and enjoyed themselves. I remained on the stand chewing the cud of bitter fancies, for I could see Egremont laughing and chatting gaily with Adela, who was the centre of a pleasant knot.

At length the saddling bell sounded, and I returned to the carriage for my whip.

"What's the matter, Brandon?" said Mr. Meredyth; "you look more like going to drive a hearse than to ride Chanticleer. Come, have a glass of wine."

Egremont was talking to Adela. "Wish me success," I heard him whisper. Of course she said yes, for as he turned away I saw him take her glove from her lap and slip it into his breast. I drank my champagne at a gulp. "Another, please. Thanks." And, as quickly, I swallowed that. Mr. Meredyth looked a little astonished. As Adela handed me the whip, she whispered, "What is the matter?" She looked sad, and I thought, pitying, at which my pride revolted. I made no answer, but hurried away to the dressing-room.

Seventeen horses came to the post for the principal event. I was one of the last out of the weighing-yard, and as I emerged, Warhawk was cantering past the stand. As he went by with a grand swinging stride, he was accompanied by a murmur of admiration. Egremont's white jacket and red cap contrasted well with the horse's color—a jet black, shining like satin.

"That's a racer," said French, as he walked beside me, giving me those inevitable last directions. "Watch him, but don't ride at him until the last mile, for he is faster at his fences than you are, and Chanticleer does not like being passed. Some of these fools will make the running. Keep about fourth until you get over the double in the second round, then let him come if he will."

"Good luck to your honor, and safe home," said the groom, with a last affectionate pat on the horse's neck as he turned him for his canter.

Chanticleer was a bright chestnut, hot-tempered, like all his color. As he went along swinging his head about, and pulling hard, I saw that I had rough work before me, for already he was excited by the crowd and the noise.

I avoided looking at the Meredyth's carriage as I passed. Why should I look for a passing glance, when Egremont carried her gage d'amour in his breast? but I heard Tom's cheery voice, "Good luck, Chanticleer," and it sounded like a good omen.

"Are you ready, gentlemen. Go!"

We are off; off with a rush and a plunge, and a thunder of hoofs that drowns for us even the shout that leaps from a multitude at a start.

Chanticleer, plunging forward, swinging his head, and tearing at his bit, gives me no time to look right or left as we sweep past the stand in our first rush. I see a cloud of grey, pink, blue, black, green, before and around me, and wonder, as we come at the first fence, how we can possibly jump, packed in this flying crowd. Chanticleer, wild at all times, is mad now, with a horse's tail whisking in his face, a horse on his right and one on his left, precluding the possibility of swerving, while I have a dim consciousness of a young one behind me, to insure my destruction should we fall. A slight slackening in the pace. I see that blue and white balloon before me subside as its wearer sits down on his horse. If he falls! Heavens! how I pray for the safety of that blue and white—with a vivid consciousness of the Nemesis astern. Chanticleer appears determined to look at nothing but that horse's tail. I take a pull at him, then the blue and white jacket rises out of the line of sight, and discloses a single bank. Quick as thought Chanticleer rises to it; I see his head for an instant between the gleaming hind shoes of the horse in front. The little balloons to the right and left pop up and down like painted floats at a nibble, and we are all safely over. Now that the possibility of escape has been demonstrated, I am beginning to feel more at ease, and approach the next fence in a more hopeful mood. The horses are settling into their stride, and as I venture to look round, I distinguish the faces that surmount the little balloons. Vansittart overlooks a green one, that would have made him the favorite with the multitude had he not worn a red cap. Gore glares from above a cerise and grey; Mansergh, black and silver; M'Dermott, Lefroy, and three or four more of our men, all looking before them with hard-set faces. None of the bonhomie that distinguishes the hardest run with hounds, where, no matter what the pace, there is always time to fling an observation to an accompanying Nimrod; to gasp, "A good run—splendid," &c. Here your companion riders are not so much participants in a sport, as men to be beaten, and the excitement is purely selfish. I feel that if my blue and white pilot falls, I can neither pull to right or left, but must go straight on him; I hope, in that case, I shall not kill him, but that is entirely his affair. My pursuing Nemesis is no doubt actuated by precisely similar feelings. We have passed the second fence in safety, and begin to straggle a little, led by a raking grey ridden by a man in a scarlet jacket. Warhawk goes on second, then comes

a black and silver, next my blue and white leader, and then come the ruck, with whom I am swinging along, holding Chanticleer with all my might. The next fence is a wall; the scarlet and the white pop up and down as before, but the black and silver, instead of checking itself in its downward flight, disappears, and as Chanticleer flies past, I catch a glimpse of a horse struggling to his feet, and a black and silver figure lying within a foot of where we landed. However, there is no time to look round—the improbability of his escape from the rush of horses behind strikes me for a moment, and I think no more about him. Another single is passed in the same order; a small double, a hurdle, the brook; and now we are coming at the principal attraction for the casual lovers. Two or three times I have heard the simultaneous "Oh!" from the crowds at the fences, proclaiming that some unfortunate in the rear has come to grief. At the double is a large crowd in hopeful expectation of a fall; nor is the expectation disappointed, for the grey makes a mistake in rising, strikes the bank, and disappears in the off grip, where he lies with his back broken. Warhawk has taken his fences beautifully, and is now improving the pace; Chanticleer has bungled a little at the double, but I feel him going well within himself, and range forward beside my blue and white leader. As we come into the straight, Egremont makes the pace a cracker, and we are obliged to call on our horses to keep our place. The thunder of the crowd greets us as we pass the stand, and Warhawk's name is shouted from thousands of throats. Chanticleer has again lost his head—the noise is too much for him. As I pass, I see Adela just raise her handkerchief—a little, almost unnoticeable wave—of course to Egremont. I am mad with jealousy, and giving Chanticleer his head, race at him, on past the stand over the first bank. There is no steady now. I have but one insane idea—to throw Egremont and kill him, if possible.

Does he not carry her glove in his breast! After we pass the second fence, he says, "Jack, you'll kill that horse if you don't steady him at his fences!" He is now riding beside me, with the six or seven horses that have stood up, half a dozen lengths in the rear. I neither look at him, nor answer him. The brook is passed, and we are still racing neck and neck for the double. I steal a look at him; our eyes meet for an instant; I wonder if he reads the world of hate that gleams in mine. "Fool!" he mutters, as he takes a pull at Warhawk, whose head steals back to my side and then out of sight. As I come at the fence I see stretched outside the crowd the poor gray who had so gallantly led us a few minutes before. Chanticleer rises like a bird, and lands lightly as a deer. I hear a shout, and Heaven forgive me! I hope that Warhawk and his rider have shared the fate of the gray, but on looking round I see him close on my quarter, and picking up his lost distance at every stride; but two horses follow us, four are down at the fence. Now commences a fierce struggle for the run home. At the last hurdle Warhawk is half a length in front. We have entered the straight, and now with whip and spur I urge Chanticleer. We are gaining at every stride. I see Warhawk's head again gliding back to me. I have a clear neck already; ten strides more and the race is won; when suddenly the greensward over which I have been flying like a swallow jumps up to meet me; I feel as if I were cast in the midst of a thousand plunging horses; over and over and over I roll; and when at length I stop, and sit up stunned and dizzy with my left arm hanging loosely, I see poor Chanticleer lying at a little distance with his neck broken, and the boy who had run before him and caused our fall being carried away dead or insensible.

Friends rushed to my assistance, and lifting me to my feet, half supported, half carried me to the Meredyth's carriage, where I was placed beside Adela, while the horses were ordered for an immediate start.

I had at first avoided to look at Adela. What cared she; had not her lover won? Now I looked at her and saw her face was pale as death, her eyes fixed on me with a tortured look. Mrs. Meredyth was busily engaged cutting up napkins for bandages. I whispered:

"It's nothing, Miss Meredyth—only a broken arm. I congratulate you on Egremont's success."

"Don't talk of him. I hate him," she murmured, as she looked straight into my eyes.

"You gave him your glove to carry in the race."

"No, he took it without my permission," she said, very determinedly, while I saw the tears moisten her dark lashes.

A hope—a brilliant flood of hope—broke on my soul. Mr. Meredyth was returning with a doctor. Not a moment was to be lost.

"Do you love him?"

"No!"

"Adela, do you love me?"

Not a word, but one quick glad glance, a single pressure of the hand, as the doctor's head appeared over the carriage door. I had won after all.

Need I tell of my happy illness, my blessed convalescence, at Grangemore; how consent was given, and wedding presents made, and a bridal party set out for a quiet parish church on a bright January day; how, at the déjeuner, the clergyman made a goody-goody speech, whereat his wife was edified; and the old friend of the family made a touching one, whereat the ladies wept; and the best man made a funny one, whereat the bridesmaids blushed; or how, at last, the happy couple started for the railway

station, pursued by a hearty cheer from the assembled tenantry, and a cloud of slippers of every shape and hue—are not all these things written in the annals of Grangemore and the parish registry of Ballywilliam?

AMERICAN TEETH.

It is said by those who have taken pains to inform themselves on the subject, that there is no country in the world, civilized or savage, where bad teeth are so generally the rule. And good ones so rare an exception, as the United States. And there is probably no other nation who so generally swallow tea and coffee, hot enough to scald the throat, and then "cool off" by an immediate draught of ice water. An Englishman would regard such a habit as absolutely suicidal, and he is amazed that sensible Americans should so recklessly jeopardize health and life. At English hotels people can, of course, have whatever they demand and pay for, as at public houses elsewhere; but in private families in England, even the wealthy, the use of ice is only moderate and occasional—not by any means the constant, every day excessive affair it is with us; and there it is never taken immediately after hot drinks, as at breakfast and supper among Americans, neither do English people eat irregularly, and at all hours between meals as do so many of our countrymen—a practice by which the digestive organs must become impaired, and the general health suffer, even if the teeth did not.

Another deleterious practice, common in large cities especially, is the excessive use of ice cream and soda water. Nothing is more common on summer evenings, than for young men to swallow at their boarding houses, a cup or two of coffee, boiling hot, and as rapidly as if they were drinking for a wager, and then to rush out for an ice cream or glass of soda water often containing fusil oil and other poisons, apart from the deleterious effects on the teeth of these extremes of heat and cold following each other in quick succession.

A distinguished dentist said, that it was difficult to conceive anything more absolutely destructive to the teeth, than the simultaneous use of hot and cold drinks. And he added that he had known some scores of Europeans who came to the United States, with teeth that, with the habits of living to which they had been accustomed at home, would probably have lasted to extreme old age—glad, in less than five years after they came among us, to avail themselves of the services of a dentist, to manufacture an artificial "set."

Surely something may be done to avert this wide-spread course of tooth-ache, and discolored, uncomely teeth, or the only alternative that remains of wearing those not "to the manor born;" so that Americans of future generations, at least, may cease to enjoy the unenviable distinction of belonging to a toothless nation.

SHOW FURNITURE.

Furniture too good to be used is a nuisance. Naught more unpleasant than the aspect of a room, or a suite of rooms, where everything is bagged up. Chairs in pinafores, mirrors in muslin, a druggeted carpet, a hearthrug wrong side out, and a chandelier in a sack, seen by rays of light that straggle in edgeways through slits in the shutters, and exhaling that peculiar brown-holland fragrance which belongs to drawing-rooms in masquerade dress, form one of the most cheerless, dispiriting, unhumanlike spectacles in the diorama of domestic life. We would as lief be ushered into a vault as into such an apartment. Nothing can be more chilling to the feelings, except perhaps a perspective view of the family wash taking an airing on the clothes-line. Why do people buy magnificent furniture to clothe it in hideous disguises? Does the glory of exhibiting the article undressed half a dozen evenings in the year pay for all the cost and trouble? The miser enjoys the flashing lustre of his gold every time he lifts the lid of his strong box; but what pleasure can there be in possessing a species of property that is invisible to the owner three hundred and fifty days out of every three hundred and sixty-five? Give us the furniture that is made for wear—tables upon which you may chance to drop your nut-crackers at dessert without throwing the lady of the house into hysterics—chairs you can lean back in—carpets that you can promenade upon—in a word, give us comfort, and let us wear things out. It is provoking to see chairs and sofas preserved for years without spot or blemish, while the wrinkles are multiplying in the face, and the grey hairs on the head, of the proprietor. For these and sundry other reasons, we have an especial spite against show furniture.

AN INTELLIGENT SERVANT. — A Parisian dentist, who has a small villa in the outskirts, has raised upon a mound at the bottom of his little garden a summer-house built entirely of human teeth. From a distance it looks very nice, but close certainly rather extraordinary. A short time since the dentist sent his servant into the country with orders to put the house in order and clean the summer-house. Five days having elapsed and the servant not returning, his master lost patience and made his way to the villa. There he found his man diligently occupied in cleaning the summer-house—with a tooth-brush!

THE GHOST OF HARLEY.

Every one knows that the Bermuda or Somers Islands are a cluster of about 300 small islands, fifteen or sixteen only of which are of inhabitable size, situated in the western part of the Atlantic Ocean, about 600 miles from Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina. Their name is derived from Bermudez, a Spaniard, who sighted them in the year 1527; but they were first settled under Admiral Sir George Somers, who was shipwrecked here in 1609, on his way to Virginia. The largest of these islands is Bermuda proper, containing an area of about twenty square miles, on which is Hamilton, the chief town and seat of Government. At the time in question, his Britannic Majesty's One Hundred and Eighth Regiment of foot was quartered at Hamilton; and a more pleasant military station could hardly be found anywhere abroad. These coral creations are of wondrous beauty and fertility—the most delicious fruits and flowers being found in abundance, as well as esculent roots of many kinds, to say nothing of the far-famed arrow root which is here of excellent quality. The sea supplies fish in great numbers and of fine flavor, while turtle enough are taken daily to tempt an epicurean alderman to lay down his robe and chain, flee the city, and revel in a paradise of calypso and calypso. Society, too, though necessarily not large, is composed of highly agreeable material, and the beauty of the Bermudan ladies is proverbial.

Among the junior officers of the One Hundred and Eighth was a Lieutenant Tomlyn, a young gentleman of fortune, but by no means richly gifted in other respects. Although prompt and active in those military duties which are the pride of every member of the service to perform with alacrity and precision, he was slow to join his brother officers in the amusements and gayeties of the quarter; and, without being actually morose, he was at least dull and reserved amid the flowing hilarity which surrounded him. Moreover, when inclined to conversation at all, he seemed to have but one topic, and that was his unbelief in the existence of the Deity. To persons educated from childhood, as his companions had been, to accept the Christian faith in all singleness, it may readily be imagined that Tomlyn soon became a decided bore; all were alike disgusted at heart with the monotonousness, and distastefulness of his theme; and, while the older members would sometimes kindly hint a change of the subject, the juniors would not hesitate to express themselves in candid condemnation or in pointed sarcasm.

It so happened that the yellow fever made its appearance about this time, and, though the most excellent sanitary arrangements were made by the military authorities, the soldiers did not entirely escape the scourge. The virulence of the fell disease was, however, of comparatively short duration; and, on its subsidence, a party of convalescent men were ordered to Halifax for change of air, that their full recovery might be the more thoroughly assured. Of this party Lieutenant Harley was put in command. Now, of all his regimental companions, none were more wearied of Tomlyn's everlasting droning of his stupid platitudes than Harley himself; and so, on taking leave preparatory to his sailing in the brigantine which was to transport him and his men to the mainland, he said, "Good-by, Tomlyn; if anything should happen to me, be assured my spirit will return to you, and let you know whether you are right or wrong." An incredulous smile was almost the sole reply. The embarkation was effected, and the vessel, spreading her white sails to the breeze, soon disappeared from the island. The day was followed by a moonlight night of surpassing beauty, and, the Destroying Angel having now stayed his hand, the night-air was freely breathed and enjoyed, after leaving the mess-room, till the hour of retiring. Young Harley's parting words had been referred to in Tomlyn's immediate hearing during the evening festivities; indeed, one of the junior captains had directly said: "By the way, Tomlyn, what would you think if a disaster were to occur to the brigantine and Harley's spirit should come back?" "Nothing less than that," said Tomlyn, with a cold smile, "would convince me." And so the party separated for the night.

Tomlyn repaired to his barrack-room, and, after having locked his door, as was his custom, got into bed. While he lay "courting the balmy"—which, oddly enough, grew "uncertain, coy," and refused to be wooed, for he was unusually wakeful and restless—the door, to his utter amazement and consternation, slowly opened; and, lo and behold, entered Harley, his face of deathly pallor, his hair hanging in dark locks on his shoulders, his clothes dripping water. Tomlyn recoiled and shivered as he beheld the frightful apparition; but no words can describe his horror when Harley, with a look of glassy solemnity in his eye, in his own voice, though that was now of deepest sepulchral tone, his right arm slowly raised, the index-finger pointing upward, addressed him: "Doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth." The shriek which Tomlyn uttered had barely ceased when the locked door reopened, and the figure, slowly retiring, vanished from his sight. All thoughts of slumber now fled poor Tomlyn. That look!—that voice! What would he not have given for the power of obliterating from thought and memory the blasphemous utterances which, it was now clear, "one had come from the dead" to reprove?

Tomlyn now exhibited a marked change. To be sure, he substantially related the story of the

apparition and its startling words to his brother-officers, and endeavored to force upon their doubting minds the reality of his sad experience with the most solemn asseverations; and henceforth grew more silent and gloomy day by day. No question of the fact found any response; no badinage produced any effect; no suggestion of imposition or feigned identity was for a moment entertained.

Meanwhile, weeks passed away, and then a month. The brigantine, which should have accomplished her voyage in four or five days at the utmost, was never heard of from the day of her departure from the island, and "confirmation" became "strong as proofs of Holy Writ."

Tomlyn, feeling himself growing more and more unfit for further service, resigned his commission and returned to England, where he subsequently died of a low fever, some two years after the event I have been relating.

The mysterious incident became known—as indeed how could it be otherwise?—to the people of the town, who communicated it freely to their friends abroad; and, in spite of the deprecating efforts of the officers of the regiment, who did all in their power to suppress all reference to the subject, it became a topic of world-wide speculation and wonder. Harley's promise at parting with Tomlyn, his appearance to him on the very night after, and the loss of the vessel with all on board, left no loophole of escape from a natural conclusion; and so it was quoted for years as one of those inexplicable occurrences where communications from the dead must be held to be worthy of belief.

Time sped on its devouring course. The regiment had long been relieved at Hamilton, and had served with distinction in the Crimea, and also in India, whence it was once more ordered home to await its inevitable duty of tapping its drum in some other clime, to that sun which, in the words of the great Webster, never rises or sets without its music. I was now in America, and, on my way to the West, a day passenger on one of those palatial steamers which ply the lordly Hudson. A fellow-passenger, in casually directing my attention to the beauty of a particular point of scenery which a sudden turn in the river disclosed, betrayed a voice which struck me as being familiar. I am near-sighted, and depend for recognition of my friends far more on my ears than my eyes; indeed, a voice I have but once heard is never wholly forgotten. My excited attention was, therefore, directed more closely to the features of my unexpected companion, whom I had now approached quite nearly for the sake of continuing a conversation which accident had begun. "God bless me!" I exclaimed, in genuine astonishment, "Is this Captain Wilton?" I was both right and wrong: I found my old friend Charles (now Colonel) Wilton at my side; for, since we had met "lang syne," successive promotions had placed him at the head of his regiment, the One Hundred and Eighth. He had obtained liberal leave of absence after his severe and continued active service, and was recruiting his health, which had suffered much, especially in India, by travelling in this country. As our respective families had been near neighbors at home, and our personal feelings were always of the warmest, the joy of our meeting—so far from home, too—may well be imagined. Among the many themes of talk for which "the deep cavern of memory" began to be ransacked as the time for parting approached—and this was not till we had spent three merry days together—I alluded inquiringly to the story of Tomlyn at Bermuda. A burst of laughter—not wholly unmixed, as it seemed to me, with a tinge of pity—was, at first, my friend's only reply. As soon as he recovered gravity enough for continuity, the dread mystery was unravelled in a few words: "Tomlyn was a stupid fellow and a bore. Harley was overheard in his leave-taking by young L'Estrange, as merry a lad as ever breathed, and who, among many amusing talents, possessed that of mimicry in a high degree. He conceived and carried out, unknown to any one of us at the time, the apparition of Harley, who—and this coincidence was the most wonderful I ever knew—proved, after all, to have been indeed lost at sea, with all on board. When Tomlyn's health continued to suffer under the malady which his mental torture had superinduced, L'Estrange—all repentance, for he was truly distressed as the lasting effects of the freak became apparent—confessed the whole and sought forgiveness with as true a heart as ever pleaded. But Tomlyn was deaf to everything in the way of explanation. His mind had been filled with the ghost of Harley, and no exorcist could be found. The rest you know. We were concerned for some time on L'Estrange's account, fearing his thoughtless practical joke (in direct violation of the rules of the service) might reach the ear of the General commanding on the station, who would, no doubt, have felt it to be his duty to exercise his authority. But the affair was left to die a natural death, and lay comfortably entombed till your confounded curiosity has now exhumed it."

A forthcoming volume by Chevalier Ernst Bunsen on the Chronology of the Bible, which is to be issued simultaneously, not only on both sides of the Atlantic, but in four of the leading languages of Europe—English, French, German, and Italian—will present some features of extraordinary interest. One of the most startling, and on the whole most novel, of its eccentricities will be the calculation which assigns to Jesus Christ the age of 49 years at the time of his crucifixion, an event which, according to this theory, took place in the year 35 of the common era.

Travel and Adventure,
National Customs, Etc.

LIFE IN THE ICE KINGDOM.

Whaling, in its details one of the most repulsive of human industries, has associations incomparably fascinating to the imaginations, apart from the terrible toil, the courage, the endurance and the danger involved in the pursuit. All these come into the picture, and underlie its charm, enhanced by the great distance, the parting from home and friends, the absolute silence, the complete isolation. No news comes to the homes of the whalers until they bring it, with ease and plenty, or the grim blank of failure; no passing ships hail the voyagers to the far North, to the region where man's dominion has never been acknowledged, where he is no more than a persevering invader, who snatches, with inconceivable toil and difficulty, a few swift victories, and then is steadily inexorably beaten back by the floating forces of the Ice King. The giant barriers of the ice realm are closed against him, and the mysterious night of the Arctic winter bids defiance to his puny daring. When the darkness comes down upon the Polar world does the strange calm that broods over the great wastes of ice which form the Spitzbergen Islands remain untroubled, or do the winds howl over the black waves until the ice barriers shiver, and moan, and spit themselves into frantic fragments, careering wildly under the rushing lash of the tempest, and anon closing up for long spells of their inexorable ward?

The beach had a history to tell full of warning, and yet of weird attraction, for here were bits of whale boats reduced to matchwood by the frightful action of the boisterous seas; fragments of wrecks of ships that had fought bravely against the ice, but had been beaten; bits of masts of merchant vessels; huge piles of driftwood, once stately trees on the side of some Siberian river, now stranded on the Arctic coast, and the little tunnels with which the sea-worms had perforated it in every direction tenantless, for the wood-borers cannot live in the temperature of the awful Arctic seas. The wild duck and the white fox have the island to themselves, and beyond it lies the true commencement of the west ice, the surge of the heavy sea breaking upon the outer edge of the huge floating masses, and the illimitable distance laden with heavy blocks, interspersed with flat snow. Surely here is the end of all things, and no ship can ever get beyond this beautiful barrier—this spray-sprinkled diadem on the brow of the awful Ice King, shining with almost unbearable lustre of rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires; and the thundering sound of the disrupted masses which sew the sea is the warning of dismissal. They heed neither, but sail towards the densest part, through a fringe of broken ice in a heaving sea, forcing the schooner at all speed, and charging the most likely place for an entrance, as the surge rises and falls with awful fury. They get through, for they have men on board who are accustomed to deal with ice, to hit it carefully, and turn it gently from its way; and the wonderful operation succeeds, the schooner stands out to sea in a broad channel, with ice walls on either side, and the first terrific barrier lies between them and all life that is less than Arctic.

At first it is a little difficult to grow accustomed to the absence of darkness, then the perpetual light becomes pleasant; but there must be always some confusion about time, especially when occupation is either severe toil or strong excitement, when danger is never absent for long, and every object is absolutely strange and novel. To drift off into the indistinguishable fog on an ice layer, when in pursuit of a family of seals, wariest and most tantalizing of creatures, is only an incident, and then the sailors begin to recall dismal precedents. "You remember them 'ere chaps as was left in this here way, and was all froze to death?" says one to another. "As for that ship *Enterprise*, I assure you, sir," says a third, "we could speak to the men on the ice, but could not get at them! blowing a gale and freezing hard at the time! thermometer 40 degrees below zero! We did all we could; the oars and foremasts were tied together to try and reach them by means of a raft, when they disappeared in the fog, lost to sight, though not to memory, and they all perished!" The whaling boats are in requisition, and the shoals of seals multiply, as the schooner sails northward under the never-setting sun, amid a scene of silent desolation, and frequently muffled in dense fog; awfully insignificant, alien and alone. Suddenly they are "beset with ice," and find themselves contemplating an aspect of nature "such as the painter might imagine, or the poet, with his lying license might invent, or the imagination of a sleeper could fancy in dreams of night." A great storm is blowing over the unfrozen sea far away, but the schooner, fastened to a bit of ice, whose two projecting tongues keep off the pressure of the outer ice, which has closed them up within 200 yards, lies in deep calm. A boat is lowered, and the men sit in dead silence in it, watching for the narwhal, which are blowing near, and throwing up little jets of vapour from the blow-holes on either side of the head. The harpooner is ready, the tubs and the line are prepared; but the narwhal is difficult game; he goes at tremendous speed, and his range of vision is wide; so that when he is dragged on to the ice, with his spotted hide and his polished horn, he is a trophy of the first class. Great hordes of this curious

mammal travel through the Arctic seas, tusk to tusk, and tail to tail, like a regiment of cavalry, thousands strong, and their play in great ice-encircled water-wastes is wonderful to see, as their dappled sides curve close to the surface, and the tilting swords are thrust above the waves in their reckless lunges; or they suddenly skim along the surface, curve their backs, and plunge headlong down, following the vagaries of some chosen leader. When a crew of the schooner had killed their first narwhal, they made a vast fireplace out of his remains, the opening between the ribs serving for the purpose of a grate, packed in wood and oakum, and set fire to the materials, in order that the odorous fumes might attract any bears that might be in the neighborhood. But neither narwhal nor bear causes such excitement as the real "right whale," the tremendous giant of the seas, with the likeness of a man's head and face in the roof of his mouth; whose coming is waited for in speechless expectation, whose capture is the hardest work man can do, whose value repays for all the labor and all the risk even men who have no eyes for the beauty and no sense for the sublimity of the scene. They are sailing on a silver sea, in the wonderful Arctic sunlight, which is unlike light in any other region, in the still, intoxicating air which fills their veins with life and thrills them with a strange happiness; past iridescent caves rising out of the pure water, they can see far back into them, where the upper edges are festooned with a dazzling ornament like a network of lace composed of fine gems, the fringe gleams in the prismatic light with every motion of the waves, and the fairy halls are filled with awful sound. What marvellous, constant beauty and life where man is only a brief accident! Prowling in the distance are two Polar bears, which the crew kill, and whose stomachs are found to be quite empty. A few days more and a herd of walrus is reported (some of the individuals which compose it look, in the drawing of them, like very fat elderly men, lying on their stomachs placidly and happily drunk); so, with terrible interludes of danger, when the schooner was driven helplessly into the floes, and with constant endurance of extreme fatigue, they came to Spitzbergen, and found magnificent reindeer, the noblest of Arctic creatures. These are extremely difficult to stalk through the ice ravines and snow valleys, for, though they have no knowledge of man and his murderous propensities, their keen scent warns them that something strange is near. And they love each other, poor, faithful beasts! with a love stronger than fear, or the instinct of self-preservation. "Mr. Leigh Smith, sailing in Benlopen Straits in 1871, shot a large stag, but could not get near its companion; as they were a long way from the ship, he had the head and horns removed, and brought along with him to his schooner. They saw the survivor go to the headless remains, and then follow the party to the ship. As it lingered on the shore, a man quietly landed from the boat and shot it." Over the grand beauty of the still transparent water of King's Bay; the enormous mountains, every foot of their frontage occupied by a sea bird, until numbers fail to give any notion of their myriads; and the great glacier which occupies the upper part of the harbor, and fills the mind with awe—the marvellous Arctic light is shining, and glorifies all that it illuminates. But where the grandeur and the beauty are greatest, there the solitude is most appalling, and nowhere on earth does man feel his weakness and insignificance so much as here amidst the awful desolation.

THE CARLISTS.

The Philadelphia Ledger has the following succinct and interesting history of the Spanish Carlists, whose recent successes have attracted so much interest:

Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, ascended the throne in 1803 by the resignation of his father, Charles IV., and descended from it in less than a year by the will of Napoleon I., who placed his own elder brother Joseph (Count Saravilliers, of Bordentown, N. J.) upon the throne. Ferdinand was restored to his kingdom by the fall of Napoleon in 1814, and continued in power for nineteen years. He abolished the Cortes, but was compelled by insurrection, in 1820, to recede somewhat, in promise, if not in fact, from the despotic grounds which he had assumed. Another insurrection took place in 1823, which was suppressed by the aid of the French. In the matter of numerous marriages, Ferdinand's career was similar to that of Henry VIII., of England, though, unlike this latter prince, he did not incur in respect to his wives, the obloquy of cutting off their heads when he got tired of them. He married five wives, four of whom died childless, and the fifth, Maria Christina, who survived him. She gave birth in 1830, to Isabella, whose dismission from the Spanish throne by revolution a few years ago, gave opportunity for the short reign of Amadeus, to be followed by his resignation and the present republic. The "Carlists," who are now in rebellion, are perhaps the supporters of the only available claimant of the Spanish throne under the laws of regal succession. The exiled Queen has five children, but the party who deposed her have no affection for her offspring, and the monarchical sentiment goes beyond her and supports the Carlists. An elective monarchy has been tried and failed. Probably in the present age of the world no monarchy or empire can be founded without the prestige of birth and tradition. The two Napoleons in France, each in his way, tested the question to its utmost, and both failed. As to the amiable young Amadeus, in Spain, he

scarcely received the respect due to an elective police officer.

And now for the Carlist claim. But for the abrogation of the Salic law (excluding young females) by Ferdinand VII., Queen Christina, a sister of Ferdinand I., of Naples ("Bombay"), had prepared the way for confusion before the death of her husband, by fiercely quarrelling with the heir apparent, Don Carlos. She had this much in her favor that the Salic law in Spain was only a tradition, and a comparatively recent one. Phillip V., a French Bourbon King of Spain, by the will of Charles I., in 1700, the ancestor of Ferdinand and Carlos, was said by the Carlists to have brought the French law with him, while the adherents of Christina and Isabella fell back on the older Spanish history to show that no such custom as the exclusion of females from the throne was adhered to.

Don Carlos, brother of Ferdinand, kept Spain in a ferment for about seven years, when, wearied out, he retired to France, never, however, relinquishing his claim to the Spanish throne. In 1840 Spain was released from Christina, and Espartero became regent. In 1843 Isabella, aged 18, was declared to have attained her majority, and maintained herself on the throne until 1868, when she fled the country, with her husband and five children, before an insurrection.

Meanwhile Don Carlos No. 2 succeeded by his father's abdication in 1845, and for several years made ineffectual attempts to invade Spain. He died in 1861, and was succeeded in his shadowy reign by his youngest brother, Don Juan. This "pretender" is said to have been too "fond of his ease" to make a disturbance. Perhaps he was too wise. In 1868, Queen Isabella being expelled, Don Juan abdicated in favor of his son Don Carlos No. 3, born in 1849. This young man, the fourth "pretender," and the third of the name of Charles, or Carlos, is now the object or subject of the "Carlist" rebellion.

The present Don Carlos has been strictly educated in all the antiquated absolute notions of the Bourbons, and therefore he has large claims upon the party of such principles; and if only the party were larger, he might become to-day Charles VII. of Spain.

The present Don Carlos is said to look the character of a prince wonderfully well, and to "act" the King of Spain with all the dignity which the "provincial" boards will permit. It is very doubtful whether he will ever appear on the Madrid scene. The very qualities which endear him to his absolute legitimist and reactionary supporters are not those which will recommend him to a nation which has driven out both a hereditary queen and an elected king in the brief term of four years. It is a pity that there is not some effectual way, short of death, of disposing of "kings and queens out of business," so as to prevent their mere existence from causing them to be perpetual disturbers.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

"That eminent statesman and poet, Lamartine, said, twenty years ago, that if he wanted to get up a delegation of humble worshippers of royalty, he would select Americans. He got this complimentary opinion of us from resident Americans in Paris; and we have kept up the character since then by sending to Europe men rich through oil, war contracts, and of late, heavy stealings from the treasury of our afflicted Government. It is sickening to sit in cars and steamboats and hear these people converse among themselves. Ill-mannered and ignorant, they have not sense to conceal their defects, and probably mean as hucksters at home, they have here but one resource to fall back upon, and that is their money. The amazed and amused waiters receive silver when others give copper, and the greedy landlord pockets gold for the silver sensible people pay.

We sat at the window of the Imperial, at Belfast—may His Satanic Majesty shake its foundations!—and saw an English gentleman, a titled nob at that, give the porter two pennies for the effort to get his valise on the omnibus in which his lordship had quietly seated himself, while an American, who had ordered a carriage to carry his valuable person to a railway station, pulled out a handful of silver shillings and half crowns to the same man. After the carriage whirled away this same porter exhibited his genius to his fellow-servants, and could our liberal compatriot have heard their laugh of derision, his vulgar blood would have been forced through his thick skin and astonished him with a blush. Jones is fond of repeating a conversation he overheard in a party of this sort, where a young lady wanted to know of her papa, if they crossed the Alps on camels, adding that she was dying to ride a camel. And the intelligent response was to the effect that they would see when they got there. At this a remarkably well-educated old gentleman chipped in with the information that his party was a very ignorant lot; "there never had been a camel within five hundred miles of the Alps, unless it was in a menagerie; the old style of crossing was sledges drawn by dogs of the St. Bernard breed, famous big fellows, big as calves. But that's played out now; one never saw the Alps at all—the thing was tunneled. You are put in the car somewhere in France, and whiz, bang, you are in Italy in no time." "Dear me," sighed the gentle female, "I don't like that; I do so want to ride on a camel."

The only comment we have to make on the above, is, that we are sorry that we have too much reason to believe it to be a somewhat correct statement of disgusting facts.

The Ladies' Page.

OWNERSHIP IN WOMEN.

A man was recently hanged in Massachusetts for taking vengeance on one who had practically disputed his property in a girl. The man was a brute, of course, but he had an opinion that a girl who had given herself to him, in the completest surrender that a woman can make, was in some sense his—that her giving herself to another involved his dishonor—and that his property in her was to be defended to the extremity of death. A prominent newspaper, while recording the facts of the case, takes the occasion to say that this idea of ownership in women is the same barbarism out of which grow the evils and wrongs that the "woman movement" is intended to remove. If we were to respond that ownership in women, only blindly apprehended as it was by our brutal gallows-bird, is the one thing that saves us from the wildest doctrines and practices of the free-lovers, and is one of the strongest conservative forces of society, it is quite likely that we should be misunderstood; but we shall run the risk, and make the assertion.

There is an instinct in the heart of every woman which tells her that she is his to whom she gives herself, and his alone,—an instinct which bids her cling to him while she lives or he lives—which identifies her life with his—which makes of him and her twain, one flesh. When this gift is once made to a true man, he recognizes its significance. He is to provide for her that which she cannot provide for herself; he is to protect her to the extent of his power; she is to share his home, and to be his closest companion. His ownership in her covers his most sacred possession, and devolves upon him the gravest duties. If it were otherwise, why is it that a woman who gives herself away unworthily feels, when she finds herself deceived, that she is lost?—that she has parted with herself to one who does not recognize the nature of the gift, and that she who ought to be owned, and, by being owned, honored, is disowned and dishonored? There is no true, pure woman living who, when she gives herself away, does not rejoice in the ownership which makes her forever the property of one man. She is not his slave to be tasked and abused, because she is the gift of love and not the purchase of money; but she is his, in a sense in which she cannot be another man's without dishonor to herself.

Our gallows-bird was, in his brutal way, right. If he had been living in savage society, without laws, and with the necessity of guarding his own treasures, his act would have been looked upon as one of heroism by all the beauties and braves of his tribe. The weak point in his case was, that his ownership in what he was pleased to call "his girl" was not established according to the laws under which he lived. He was not legally married, and had acquired no rights under the law to be defended. What he was pleased to consider his rights were established contrary to law, and he could not appeal to law for their defence. He took the woman to himself contrary to law, he defended his property in her by murder, and he was hanged. He was served right. Hemp would grow on a rock for such as he anywhere in the world. There is no cure for the man who seduces and slays but a broken neck.

There is nothing more menacing in the aspect of social affairs in this country than the effort among a certain class of reformers to break up the identity of interest and feeling among men and women. Men are alluded to with sneers and blame, as being opposed to the interests of women, as using the power in their hands—a power usurped—to maintain their own predominance at the expense of woman's rights and woman's well-being. Marriage, under this kind of teaching, becomes a compact of convenience, into which men and women may enter, each party taking along the personal independence enjoyed in a single state, with separate business interests and separate pursuits. In other words, marriage is regarded simply as the legal companionship of two beings of opposite sexes, who have their own independent pursuits, with which the bond is not permitted to interfere. It contemplates no identification of life and destiny. The man holds no ownership in woman which gives him a right to a family of children, and a life devoted to the sacred duties of motherhood. The man who expects such a sacrifice at the hands of his wife is regarded as a tyrant or a brute. Women are to vote, and trade, and practice law, and preach, and go to Congress, and do everything that a man does irrespective of the marriage bonds. Women are to be just as free to do anything outside of their homes as men are. They are to choose their careers and pursue them with just as little reference to the internal administration of their families as their husbands exercise. This is the aim and logical end of all the modern doctrines concerning woman's rights. The identification of woman with man, as the basis of the institution of the family, is scoffed at. Any ownership in woman, that comes of the gift of herself to him, and the assumption of the possession by him, with its life-long train of obligations and duties, is condemned. It is assumed that interests which are, and must forever remain, identical, are opposed to each other. Men and women are pitted against each other in a struggle for power.

Well, let it be understood, then, that men are opposed to these latter-day doctrines, and that

they will remain so. They are determined that the identity of interest between men and women shall never be destroyed; that the sacred ownership in women, bestowed in all true marriage, shall never be surrendered; that the family shall be maintained, and that the untold millions of true women in the world who sympathize with them shall be protected from the false philosophies and destructive politics of their few misguided sisters, who seek to turn the world upside down. Political conventions may throw their sops to clamoring reformers, but they mean nothing by it. They never have redeemed a pledge to these reformers, and we presume they have never intended to do so. They expect the matter to blow over, and, if we do not mistake the signs of the times, it is rapidly blowing over, with more or less thunder and with very little rain. In the meantime, if the discussions that have grown out of these questions have tended to open a broader field to woman's womanly industry, or obliterated unjust laws from the statute-book, let every man rejoice. No good can come to woman that does not benefit him, and no harm that does not hurt him. Humanity is one, and man and woman rise or fall together.—Dr. J. C. Holland, *Scribner's for September*.

NEW NOTE PAPER.—Brown tinted note-paper is now the fashion in London. The note sheet is cut in legal shape, and turns at the top instead of at the side. The novelty will soon be the rage here.

AN OLD HEAD-DESS REVIVED.—A new hat has appeared in Paris. It is a tall Leghorn, and cut round, the centre rising on the top of the head and the front forming a shady flap. The back is upturned above the chignon; it is trimmed with very large loops of ribbon and lace. The strings were crossed behind on the neck. It is your grandmama's to a nicety.

A MOTHER SPEAKS TO THE SHAH.—The perseverance of woman has received a new illustration in the instance of an English lady, who hunted the Shah from London to Brindisi, and at every town where he stopped importuned the members of his suite to obtain for her an audience, until she prevailed on a Persian diplomatist to present her. She modestly, on entering the royal presence, explained that she was a sort of Cornelia, and had brought up three sons, whose energies required a wider field than overcrowded Europe could afford. What she wanted was that the Shah should take them out with him to Persia, and open careers for them, assuring him that the money so spent would be well invested, for he would find in the youths resolute and able defenders of his throne and dignity.

SECOND LOVE.—A South Carolina journal discourses at some length upon "second love," in a quaint sort of way, being of the opinion that new things are not always the best—that "many a second-hand thing, although somewhat battered and bruised, is more highly prized than its tawdry, flashy neighbor, which will fall to pieces as soon as any strain is put upon it." "There is," the writer goes on to say, "a Dora and an Agnes in well-nigh every life. Is the first novel, or the first song, or the first poem as likely to live as the ripe production of later years? Not it. There are men who become famous by a single speech, or by a single verse; so there are men, perhaps, who have had but one love. There are not many, and 'tis better so. The world would soon come to a standstill without the help of second-hand swains!"

GLASS BONNETS.—Glass bonnets are among the novelties of the Vienna Exposition. These articles come from Bohemia, and specimens have been sent to Paris and London, and some also to America, in the hope that they will become popular, and be "all the fashion," next fall. The hat is described as made of loose pieces of glass fastened closely together by a gutta percha band, which allows it to conform to the head. Inside there is a lining of silk, and the trimmings are various. Birds and flowers are chiefly used for ornamentation, colored so naturally that in appearance they are far superior to the usual artificial goods. A bonnet of glass weighs but a few ounces, only a very small quantity being used in its construction. Of course they are very durable, rain will not spot them, and the cost is said to be small.

MISCHIEF CAUSED BY USE OF PERAMBULATORS.—In one of his recent *feuilletons*, the *Medical Times and Gazette* observes, M. Latour calls attention to the mischief which may arise from the now almost universal employment of perambulators for the transport of children. He chiefly dwells upon what happens to young infants, who in place of resting on the nurse's arm and gradually bringing the muscular system which supports the trunk erect into use by exercise, and accustoming their senses to the perception of surrounding objects, now lie recumbent and somnolent in a state of dangerous quiescence. Woman, he believes, is thus abdicating yet another of her functions, which in all eyes but her own render her attractive; and although she may relieve herself of some fatigue, it is at the risk of the welfare of her child. "Certain I am that an *enfant à équipage* is a retarded infant; it will walk later, talk later, and smile later."

A FEMALE BRIGAND.—The Italian journals relate that the environs of Catanzaro, Calabria, are infested by a band of brigands under the command of a young woman. She is only twenty years of age, and of great beauty. Her name is Maria, the widow of Pietro Monico, a bandit chief, who was killed in an encounter

with the gendarmes. At his death she seized his carbine, and swore to avenge him. Some time after, a young man, the son of a wealthy farmer, fell in love with her, and joined her band in order to be able to prosecute his suit. He was, however, peremptorily rejected, and in order to avenge himself he betrayed her to the authorities. She was arrested, tried, and sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment. While undergoing her punishment, a warder, becoming enamored of her, favored her escape, and accompanied her, but was stabbed to death by her orders immediately she had rejoined her band. Since that period she has become still more redoubtable, her audacity and activity having redoubled, and she has made herself the terror of the country. She burns farms, carries off cattle, and levies forced contributions. The slightest disobedience to her orders is punished by death. Her troop is numerous, and always well-informed by the peasantry, through dread of vengeance.

A FRENCH VIEW OF AMERICAN WOMEN.—A French correspondent appears to be dissatisfied with New York and its inhabitants. The fair ladies of that city especially fall under his animadversions. He says that American women are singularly ungacious and disdainful to the rougher and inferior part of the creation. "They treat and speak of men as they might of horses," accepting little services with perfect unconcern and absence of thanks, or commenting unblushingly upon any beauty of person in the opposite sex that may chance to strike female fancy. Thus the correspondent, to his horror, overheard a young lady saying, "Oh, Mr. X—is so handsome! and he is one of the best shaped men I ever saw!" An English girl would not have used the same words. But the bare idea of anything approaching it is enough to shock your prudish Frenchman. The correspondent goes further and is still more astounded. A respectable (?) inhabitant of San Francisco, he says, having discovered that his young daughter of sixteen was giving herself strange licence of conduct, brought her before a magistrate to get her shut up in a reformatory. His demand was about to be granted when the damsel stopped proceedings by informing the court that she had been married two years previously. Of course nothing remained but to hand her over to the protection of her spouse. Happily the world is pretty well aware of the fact that French journalists are, generally speaking, romancers.

FASHION HINTS FROM PARIS.—Feather trimmings are very popular on dresses, particularly the new style, made of flat shiny feathers, which form a fringe. I have recently seen some of these novelties in feather trimming at the Maison Vignon, which were used with successful effect on dressy mourning toilettes. Waistcoats made of black Seilleuse and embroidered all over with jet are exquisite both for mourning and grey tail dresses. Popin is in demand for mourning toilettes, and looks well made as follows: Skirt slightly trailing and mounted all round the waist in flat plaits; between each flat plait, and commencing from the waist, a row of insertion embroidered with jet. Bodice with large basques, and the waistcoat striped with jet insertion; a similar ornament borders the basque. Sleeves full to the elbow, and with a revers below. A white crepe lisse fichu is worn indoors over this dress or else a large square collar. If the dress is not a mourning one, a collar of old guipure is substituted, and for out of doors a poplin pelerine, with lace hood, all of lace, worked with jet, and watered ribbon bows is added. Bodices that are not made with waistbands have usually a small embroidered gusset at the side for the chatelaine or fan hook, as both these articles are now considered most essential accessories. Fans have so increased in size, that in many instances they are legitimate objects of ridicule. For full dress the Trianon fan is the favorite; it may be either silk or satin, and has a spray of flowers painted in one corner, with a long branch, diminishing in size gradually towards the opposite corner. The sticks are fine lacquered wood, to match the silk in color; black satin leaves, with gold sticks, are also popular. Clusters of roses, with butterflies, and scarlet geraniums, with white daisies, on a grey ground are favorite contrasts. Japanese fans of thin light paper, painted with characteristic designs, and mounted on sandalwood sticks, as well as Russian leather fans ornamented with monograms, are all fashionable. Chatelaines are now worn sufficiently long to permit the fans to be used without detaching them.

Some one says: "Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from a human censer. Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of the summer's air; and nothing to do when you awake, but to wash your self in a dewdrop, and fall to eat your bedclothes."

The following is the latest contribution to the Pacific Scandal literature; it is said to have been produced by Sir Francis Hincks during a severe fit of dyspepsia consequent on his examination before the Committee. The Grits say his evidence turned acid on his stomach:—What is the difference between a Patent Candle Company and the Grits? One manufactures Specific Candles and the others Pacific Scandals.

APART.

BY MORGAN EVANS.

My love, why dost thou leave me thus forlorn,
In weary solitude through day and night?
I miss thy shadow in the noonday light—
Thy fair and luminous brow at wakening morn
Gleams not beside me, and my heart is torn
With painful longings, and my tearful sight
Swims with strange visions of thy homeward flight
'Mid rain and broken bows, of sorrow born.
Return, sweet dove! I have found perennial
springs
On sunny banks, where thou mayst lave and
rest.
Come quickly ere the darkness round thee
clings.
Hie hitherward up the shadows from the west
With shimmer of golden sunlight on thy wings,
To sink in cooling murmurs on my breast!

THE PIKE'S PENANCE.

Where they came from no one knew. Among the farmers near the Bend there was ample ability to conduct researches beset by far more difficulties than was that of the origin of the Pikes; but a charge of buckshot which a good-natured Yankee received one evening, soon after putting questions to a venerable Pike, exerted a great depressing influence upon the spirit of investigation. They were not blood-thirsty, these Pikes; but they had good reason to suspect all inquirers of being at least deputy sheriffs, if not worse, and a Pike's hatred of officers of the law is equalled in intensity only by his hatred of manual labor.

But while there was doubt as to the fatherland of the little colony of Pikes at Jagger's Bend, their every neighbor would willingly make affidavit as to the cause of their locating and their remaining at the Bend. When humanitarians and optimists argued that it was because the water was good and convenient, that the Bend itself caught enough drift-wood, and that the dirt would yield a little gold when manipulated by placer and pan, all farmers and stock owners would freely admit the validity of these reasons; but the admission was made with a countenance whose indignation and sorrow indicated that the greater causes were yet unnamed. With eyes speaking emotions which words could not express, they would point to sections of wheat fields minus their grain-bearing heads; to hides and hoofs of cattle unslaughtered by themselves; to mothers of promising calves, whose tender bleatings answered not the maternal call; to the places which had once known fine horses, but had been untenanted since certain Pikes had gone across the mountains for game. They would accuse no man wrongfully; but in a country where all farmers had wheat and cattle and horses, and where prowling Indians and Mexicans were not, how could these disappearances occur?

But to people owning no property in the neighborhood—to tourists and artists—the Pike settlement at the Bend was as interesting and ugly as a Skye terrier. The architecture of the village was of original style, and no duplicate existed. Of the half dozen residences, one was composed exclusively of sod, another of bark, yet another of poles, roofed with a wagon-cover, and plastered on the outside with mud; the fourth was of slabs, nicely split from logs which had drifted into the Bend; the fifth was of hide, stretched over a frame, strictly Gothic from foundation to ridgepole; while the sixth, burrowed into the hillside, displayed only the barrel which formed its chimney.

A more aristocratic community did not exist on the Pacific coast. Visit the Pikes when you would, you could never see any one working. Of churches, school-houses, stores, and other plebeian institutions, there were none, and no Pike demeaned himself by entering a trade or soiling his hands by agriculture.

Yet into this peaceful, contented neighborhood there found his way a visitor who had been everywhere in the world without once being made welcome. He came to the house built of slabs, and threatened the wife of Sam Trotwine, owner of the house; and Sam, after sunning himself uneasily for a day or two, mounted a pony and rode off for a doctor to drive the intruder away.

When he returned he found all the men in the camp seated on a log in front of his own door, and then he knew he must prepare for the worst—only one of the great influences of the world could force every Pike from his own door at exactly the same time. There they sat, yellow-faced, bearded, long-backed and bent, each looking like the other, and all like Sam, and, as he dismounted, they looked at him.

"How is she?" said Sam, tying his horse and the doctor's, while the latter went in.

"Well," said the oldest man, with deliberation, "the wimmin's all thar, if that's any sign."

Each man on the log inclined his head slightly but positively to the left, thus manifesting belief that Sam had been correctly and sufficiently answered. Sam himself seemed to regard his information in about the same manner.

Suddenly the raw hide which formed the door of Sam's house was pushed aside, and a woman came out and called Sam, and he disappeared from his log.

As he entered his hut all the women lifted

sorrowful faces and retired; no one even lingered, for the Pike has not the common human interest in other people's business—he lacks that, as well as certain similar virtues of civilization.

Sam dropped by the bedside and was human; his heart was in the right place, and, though heavily intrenched by years of laziness and whiskey and tobacco, it could be brought to the front, and it came now.

The dying woman cast her eyes appealingly at the surgeon, and that worthy stepped outside the door. Then the yellow-faced woman said: "Sam, doctor says I ain't got much time left."

"Mary," said Sam, "I wish ter God I could die fur yer. The children—"

"It's them I want to talk about, Sam," replied his wife. "An' I wish they could die with me, rather'n hev 'em live ez I've hed to. Not that you ain't been a kind husband to me, for you hev. Whenever I wanted meat yev got it somehow; an' when yev been ugly drunk yev kept away from the house. But I'm dyin', Sam, and it's cos you've killed me."

"Good God, Mary!" cried the astonished Sam, jumping up; "you're crazy—here, doctor."

"Doctor can't do no good, Sam; keep still and listen, ef yer love me like yer once said yer did; fur I hev'n't got much breath left," gasped the woman.

"Mary," said the aggrieved Sam, "I swow to God I dunno what yer drivin' at."

"It's jest this, Sam," replied the woman. "Yer tuk me, tellin' me y'd love me, an' honor me, an' pect me. You mean to say now yer done it? I'm a-dyin', Sam—I ain't got no favors to ask of nobody, an' I'm telling the truth, not knowin' what word 'll be my last."

"Then tell a feller where the killin' came in, Mary, for heaven's sake," said the unhappy Sam.

"It's come in all along, Sam," said the woman. "There is women in the States, so I've heard, that marries fur a home an' bread an' butter, but you promised me-re'n that, Sam. An' I've waited, an' it ain't come. An' there's somethin' in me that's all starved an' cut to pieces. An' it's your fault, Sam. I tuk yer fur better or fur wuss, an' I've never grumbled."

"I know yer aint, Mary," whispered the conscience-stricken Pike. "An' I know what yer mean. Ef God'll only let yer be fur a few years, I'll see ef the thing can't be helped. Don't cuss me, Mary—I've never knowed how I've been a-goin'. I wish there was something I could do 'fore you go, to pay yer all I owe yer. I'd go back on everything that makes life worth bevin'."

"Pay it to the children, Sam," said the sick woman, raising herself in her miserable bed. "I'll forgive yer everything if you'll do the right thing for them. Do—do—everything!" said the woman, throwing up her arms and falling backward. Her husband's arms caught her; his lips brought to her was face a smile, which the grim visitor, who an instant later stole her breath, pityingly left in full possession of the rightful inheritance from which it had been so long excluded.

Sam knelt for an instant with his face beside his wife—what he said or did the Lord only knew, but the doctor, who was of a speculative mind, afterwards said that when Sam appeared at the door he showed the first Pike face in which he had ever seen any signs of a soul.

Sam went to the sod house, where lived the oldest woman in the camp, and briefly announced the end of his wife. Then, after some consultation with the old woman, Sam rode to town on one of his horses, leading another. He came back with but one horse and a large bundle; and soon the women were making for Mrs. Trotwine her last earthly robe, and the first new one she had worn for years. The next day a wagon brought a coffin and a minister, and the whole camp silently and respectfully followed Mrs. Trotwine to a home with which she could find no fault.

For three days all the male Pikes in the camp sat on the log in front of Sam's door and expressed their sympathy, as did three friends of Job—that is, they held their peace. But on the fourth their tongues were unloosed. As a conversationalist the Pike is not a success, but Sam's actions were so unusual and utterly unheard of that it seemed as if even the stones must have wondered and communed among themselves.

"I never heard of such a thing," said Brown Buck; "he's gone an' bought new clothes for each of the four young 'uns."

"Yes," said the patriarch of the camp, "an' this mornin' when I went down to the bank to soak my head, 'cos last night's liquor didn't agree with it, I seed Sam with all his young 'uns' as they was awashin' their faces an' hands with soap. They'll ketch their death and be on the hill with their mother 'fore long, if he don't look out. Somebody ort to reason with him."

"Twon't do no good," sighed Limping Jim. "He's lost his head, an' reason just goes into one ear an' out at t'other ear. When he was scrapin' around this front door t'other day, an' I asked him what he wuz a-layin' the ground all bare and desolate fur, he said he was done keepin' pig-pen. Now, everybody but him knows he never had a pig. His head's gone, just mark my words."

On the morning of the fourth day, Sam's friends had just secured a full attendance on the log, and were at work upon their first pipes, when they were startled by seeing Sam harness his horse in the wagon and put all his children into it.

"Whar ye bound fur, Sam?" asked the patriarch.

Sam blushed as near as a Pike could, but answered with only a little hesitation:

"Goin' to take 'em to school to Maxfield—go in' to do it ev'ry day."

The incumbents of the log were too nearly paralyzed to remonstrate, but after a few moments of silence the patriarch remarked, in tones of feeling, yet decision:

"He's hed a tough time of it, but he's no business to ruin the settlement. I'm an old man myself and I need peace of mind, so I'm going to pack up my traps and mosey. When the folks at Maxfield knows what he's doin', they'll make him a constable or a justice, an' I'm too much of a man to live nigh any sich."

And next day the patriarch wheeled his family and property to parts unknown.

A few days later Jim Merrick, a brisk farmer a few miles from the Bend, stood in front of his own house, and shaded his eyes in solemn wonder. It couldn't be—he'd never heard of such a thing before—yet it was—there was no doubt of it—there was a Pike, riding right towards him, in open daylight. He could swear that Pike had often visited him—that is, his wheat-field and corral—after dark, but a daylight visit from a Pike was unusual as a social call of a Samaritan upon a Jew. And when Sam—for it was he—approached Merrick and made his business known, the farmer was more astonished and confused than he had ever been in his life before. Sam wanted to know for how much money Merrick would plough and plant a hundred and sixty acres of wheat for him, and whether he would take Sam's horse—a fine animal brought from the States, and for which Sam could show a bill of sale—as security for the amount until he could harvest and sell his crop. Merrick so well understood the Pike nature that he made a very liberal offer, and afterward said he would have paid handsomely for the chance.

A few days later and the remaining Pikes at the Bend experienced the greatest scare that ever visited their souls. A brisk man came into the Bend with a tripod on his shoulder and a wire chain and some wire pins, and a queer machine under his arm, and before dark the Pikes understood that Sam had deliberately constituted himself a renegade by entering a quarter section of land. Next morning two more residences were empty, and the remaining fathers of the hamlet adorned not Sam's log, but wandered about with faces vacant of all expression, save the agony of the patriot who sees his home invaded by corrupting influences too powerful for him to resist.

Then Merrick sent up a plough-gang and eight horses, and the tender green of Sam's quarter-section was rapidly changed to a dull-brown color, which is odious unto the eye of the Pike. Day by day the brown spot grew larger, and one morning Sam arose to find all his neighbors departed, having wreaked their vengeance upon him by taking away his dogs. And in his delight at their disappearance Sam freely forgave them all.

Regularly the children were carried to and from school, and even to Sunday-school. Regularly every evening Sam visited the grave on the hillside, and came back to lie by the hour watching the sleeping darlings. Little by little farmers began to realize that their property was undisturbed. Little by little Sam's wheat grew and waxed golden, and then there came a day when a man from Frisco came and changed it into a heavier gold—more gold than Sam had ever seen before. And the farmers began to step in to see Sam, and their children came to see his, and kind women were unusually kind to the orphans; and, as day by day Sam took his solitary walk on the hillside, the load on his heart grew lighter, until he ceased to fear the day when he, too, should lie there.—*California Exchange.*

DINING OUT AND AT HOME.

Few things to a man of a certain age, with a rightly constituted mind, are more enjoyable than a pleasant dinner party, either at his own table or that of a friend.

Supposing a man to be married, and in easy circumstances, with a good cook and well-arranged *ménage*, probably dining at home is most agreeable; for there he not only likes what he eats, but he knows what he drinks, which in houses of some friends is impossible.

I have sat at most richly and well appointed boards, with every edible luxury in and out of season; "where the table it groaned with the weight of the feast," and where the wine I have been invited to imbibe has been simply diluted poison. Either the host had altogether lost his taste, and had been grossly imposed upon by his wine merchant, or, what is more likely, he is an ostentatious without being a liberal man, and attempts, amid the glitter of his glass and plate and the carvings and gildings of his entertainment, to pass off without observation his wretched cape, public-dinner champagne, and public-house claret. In many instances undoubtedly he is successful. To the majority of ladies, who are no judges of wine, most liquids well iced taste much the same; and many men, taking what is offered to them in blind confidence, only the next day discover that they have drunk neither wisely nor too well. Giving bad or indifferent wine is inexcusable, and never ought to be forgiven.

A dinner may fail from a cook being incompetent or tipsy, a pastry-cook false or unpunctual; and the compassion of the guests is some consolation to their unfortunate entertainers. But bad wine is something more than a misfor-

tune to those who receive it; to those who give it, it is a crime. Fortunately for myself, my acquaintance with persons committing such offences is very limited; and, as I happen not to be particularly well off, I gladly accept hospitalities in return for those I am able to offer.

Every one knows that the success of a dinner-party greatly depends upon the judicious choice and arrangement of the guests. Friends should be asked to meet those with whom they are likely to assimilate, and have feelings and sympathies in common, though it often happens, oddly enough, that a most carefully and judiciously arranged selection turns out a comparative failure, whereas a sort of scratch crew (if I may use such an expression) forms a most merry, happy party. But of course it does not do in these matters to trust to chance; and in dinner-giving, as in every other circumstance of life, the best way to command success is to deserve it. The number of one's guests is a first consideration. Some rich dictatorial individual has laid down, as a rule, "not more than the Muses, nor fewer than the Graces;" but persons of ordinary income cannot afford to give dinner-parties every other day, and twelve or fourteen (including host and hostess) is a very allowable average.

A friend of mine, famous for his dinners, compares much larger entertainments to feeding friends like pigs in a sty. The idea, though the reverse of agreeable, is to a certain extent true; but even for feeds of twenty or twenty-four excuse may be made. Such gastronomic excesses should, however, be rare, and confined to the reception of irreconcilables—by whom I mean dinner acquaintances who cannot be made to fit-in at ordinary social gatherings. In saying this I am speaking of mixed parties, for I hold that a bachelor dinner should never exceed twelve, and if possible be confined to nine or ten.

I shudder at the remembrance of one of more than thirty I recently partook of at a certain club. It was like a first day's dinner at the *table d'hôte* of a foreign hotel. After all there is very little necessity to crowd men together, for irreconcilables as a rule consist almost invariably of the softer sex.

Who does not know the pompous and ponderous dowager, who overweighs any ordinary festive meeting, who is offended if not taken down to dinner by the martyr host (in preference, perhaps, to one of the most agreeable women in London), and who patronizes fellow-guests probably as greatly her superior in position as they are in good breeding? She is an irreconcilable who, at a very large dinner party, is comparatively harmless. Even she will not expect necessarily to be first among so many, and she has fuller scope for discourse respecting her aristocratic proclivities and family connections than where she is better known, and, therefore, less appreciated. But, in addition to the dowager, there are certain old maids, not very produceable in limited circles, who may with advantage be judiciously dotted about in large gatherings, and also *exigeantes* mammas, with marriageable daughters, who give large parties themselves, and like and expect to be asked to the same in return. Of course, one of the component parts of an entertainment of this sort is the padding; by which I mean a certain number of dull heavy men whom it is necessary to ask, because they, or their fathers or mothers, give agreeable dinners, or because their acquaintance is in some way or other valuable or useful, though they come to your house apparently for no other purpose than, like Sir Thrifty's friends, "To stare about them and to eat." Then perhaps one, or possibly two (if you place them some distance apart) really clever men and good talkers, and your party is complete—irreconcilables, padding, lion or lions.

The good talker, especially if he has no rival present, enjoys himself to his heart's content. His audience, like the House of Commons, is very easily amused, and he has no one to cap his somewhat threadbare anecdotes and ancient jokes, which in other company he would not venture to produce. Indeed, some effective talkers are never so much in their element as at a large dinner-party; like certain actors or orators, they require a full audience to stimulate them to exertion, and think that in the presence of only five or six listeners they comparatively "waste their sweetness on the desert air." Even a very large party, judiciously composed, may be a success, though not of the highest order.

The most charming dinners are where all share in the conversation to a less or greater degree, the lead being taken by two or three good *raconteurs*, who did not monopolize, but direct, suggest, and control the talk.

What delightful recollections long remain of such a "feast of reason and flow of soul," especially if the body is as well refreshed as the mind!

Some too-amiable people assert that, provided they meet agreeable friends, they are indifferent about what they eat and drink; but I dissent entirely from this opinion. A good dinner is, of course, of less importance when you meet clever than when you meet stupid people, for in the latter case you have nothing left you but the consolations of the table. But well-dressed viands and choice wines add not a little to the zest with which the happy partee or well-turned epigram is received.

When one's creature comforts are amply supplied, the faculty of appreciating wit and humor is undoubtedly largely augmented; and, as beautiful scenery can scarcely be enjoyed while the traveller is suffering under bodily discomfort, so, in connection with unpalatable food and spirituous fluids, even the best anecdote

may fall flat, and the cleverest sarcasm lose its sting.

For perfect content, not only must we have good things to enjoy but capacity and inclination for enjoying them. I am wicked enough to think that such perfect content is more frequently attainable at a club or bachelor dinner than at parties where ladies are present; for the softer sex, as a rule, have but little natural appreciation of wit or humor. In a party composed entirely of men, it is your own fault if you select any but those likely in some degree to contribute to the harmony of the evening; but in mixed parties you must ask husband and wife, and the chances are, if one is an acquisition, the other may be quite the reverse.

A HEART-SONG.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

Hast thou a song, O singer of mine,
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like well-wrung drops of the choicest wine,
Pressed in a vineyard far apart?

One that was caught in flying by—
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like the voice of a bird, on branches high,
Deep in a forest, far apart.

One that has come like morning air—
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like the breath of a kiss on the brow of care,
Blessing a life that dwells apart.

Sing me that song, O singer of mine,
That little song to cheer the heart:
Whisper it light as a word divine
Unto a watcher far apart.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A STORY is told of the late Duke of Brunswick which gives us some idea as to the way his large fortune accumulated. He went to the circus one evening and bought a programme, giving a piece of four sous in payment. He waited some time for the one sou change, and at length let it fall from his decrepid hand. His Royal Highness was very much disturbed until he had found the piece and placed it very carefully in his pocket.

THE charitable ladies of Chicago have a pleasant way of raising money for benevolent objects. They rent rooms in the heart of the city, and spread a splendid fifty-cent luncheon for business men. The tables are decorated with flowers, and are served by pretty volunteer young ladies. The managers receive free supplies in abundance, and their landlords refuse to charge rent, so that a week's operations usually fill the treasury to the desired point.

THE Italian journals relate that the environs of Catanzaro, Calabria, are infested by a band of brigands under the command of a young woman. She is only twenty years of age, and of great beauty. Her name is Maria. She is a little difficult about the tender passion, and is inclined to skewer her admirers; for instance, while undergoing imprisonment a warder becoming enamoured of her favored her escape, and accompanied her, but was stabbed to death by her orders immediately she had rejoined her band. She would make a capital melodrama—the title, "Her name is Maria."

A CORRESPONDENT says he was once in the company of the late bishop of Winchester, when in a mirthful spirit the subject was started, "What would be the pleasantest kind of life?" "I should like," said the bishop, taking up the tone of the moment, "to get up late, and having breakfasted at leisure go out for a pleasant ride, and then read the last good novel for the rest of the day with my feet upon the fender." But then, suddenly, that wonderful look of earnestness coming over his face, which all who knew him well can never forget, he added, almost to himself, "If there were no work to be done."

THE late Mr. John Stuart Mill has bequeathed to members of his wife's family and his own legacies to the amount of £9,000; to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, £500; to the Land Tenure Reform Association, £500; to any one University in Great Britain or Ireland that shall be the first to open its degrees to women, £3,000; and to the same University a further sum of £3,000 to endow scholarships for female students exclusively. His copyrights he bequeaths in trust to Mr. John Morley, to be applied in aid of some periodical publication which shall be open to the expression of all opinions, and which shall have all its articles signed with the names of the writers. The property left by Mr. Mill is sworn under £14,000.

Two men, named James Mumford and Thomas Conroy, who for many years have acted as guides through the Cave of the Winds on Goat Island, determined to ascertain if there was not another cave under the American Fall. They repaired to the first of the ferry stairs, provided with ropes and ladders. After getting beyond this sheet of water without much difficulty, they found it necessary to use their boats in order to reach the desired locality. Mr. G. W. Simms, an eye-witness, says the men were out of sight for some time, and he gave them up for lost. They soon, however, made their reappearance, and pronounced the new cave one of the wonders of the world. It was pitch dark in

the cave, and in one place they stood between two walls of water. They were prevented from going further for want of more tools, and some means of lighting the cave.

ORDERS have been issued from the Ministry of Police renewing the prohibition against Turkish ladies entering shops for the purpose of making purchases, whether the shops be kept by Turks or Christians. This prohibition was first issued at the beginning of the present Sultan's reign, but has for some time past been allowed to fall into disuse. It is now formally renewed in a communication addressed to the foreign Legations, and a direct order to Mussulman shopkeepers, and Turkish women must for the future make all their purchases from their carriages, as the majority of the better classes do at present, or where they have no carriages, at shop-doors or windows.

FAMILY MATTERS.

MILK PUNCH.—The following is a perfect liqueur, and improves by keeping: Take 4 quarts of spirits—say 2 rum, 2 brandy, 3lb. loaf sugar, 6 lemons, 3 Seville oranges, 2 quarts of new milk, 1 nutmeg; pare the fruit, and soak the peels for twenty-four hours in the brandy; squeeze out the juice, add to the sugar and rum, pound the nutmeg, strain the brandy, then mix all together, and pour in the milk boiling hot; cover close, and let it stand forty-eight hours; strain through a jelly bag and bottle. Instead of Seville oranges, half a pint orange curaçoa can be used to give the required flavor.

MOST people suppose that it is not a doctor's duty to tell them how to keep well. They think that we are so anxious to gain guineas that we like to have our patients ailing a little all the while. Now, I am going to tell you how to deprive us of many guineas at the trifling expense of an occasional shilling.

Is there a bad smell anywhere about your house? Is it in the kitchen, in the scullery, in the midden, from the drains, from the dust-bin? Wherever that bad smell arises, hunt it out and let us cure it. For a bad odor means corruption, and corruption breeds disease.

Chloride of lime—that is the remedy. It can be had at any chemist's; it only costs a few pence; it is no new-fangled notion, advertised by sensational posters. It is very cheap, sure and you ought always to have a supply of it in the house. Whenever and wherever there is a bad smell, down with two or three handfuls of chloride of lime.

Some medical journals are now endeavoring to convince us that fevers come only by infection; that we ought to be more careful of our milk and water than of the corruption about houses; and that bad odors, so far from being hurtful and indicating sources of disease, must be actually healthy, since men who live among them are healthy.

A very few words will demolish this argument and bring us back to our chloride of lime.

Why is a bad smell offensive? Because it disturbs and distresses our sense of smell, given to us as an agent to detect and warn us of anything injurious. Keep on smelling an offensive odor, and what happens? You turn sick. Nature knows better than the medical journals, and says, "There is something wrong there—take it away, or your stomach will revolt against it." And if your stomach revolts, the whole organization, which depends upon the stomach, is disturbed. That, of itself, is disease. Consequently, an offensive odor is indicative of the danger of disease. Now, chloride of lime will destroy the odor and its effects.

Unlike most physicians I have given you briefly (but, I hope clearly) the reason for my prescription. Use plenty of chloride of lime, and, in this respect at least, you will keep your homes healthy.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

IN what month do ladies talk least?—February.

FIRM language means, of course, conversation between partners.

A LANCASHIRE woman recently threw her chignon out of the window when returning from a picnic because it made her head ache. All her female friends declare that she was insane.

THE late Mr. Cain, it has been conclusively established by an article in the *Lancet*, was insane when he killed his brother Abel; and a proposition has been made to start what is called a "Cain Fund," for the relief of the distressed descendants of the unhappy man.

A LINCOLN man, whose wife has been ill for some time, came out one day with a face longer than his arm. A friend who met him grasped him by the hand in tearful sympathy and murmured: "O, when did she die?" "O goodness," was the solemn reply: "she ain't dead, she's cleaning the house."

WHEN you see a man who is hastening across a street to avoid a cab step on a piece of mud and lose his balance, and come to the earth, and tear the skin from both his wrists, and smash his head against a post, you want to shout as quickly as possible: "The more haste the less speed." Then you want to pick up your feet and get out of that neighborhood like lightning.

WHAT a queer mental and moral constitution a man must have who habitually whis-

ties! You meet him everywhere, though he is getting rarer every year. He is uncommonly common at the seaside. In rural districts he is frequent. Sometimes he plays billiards. Quite often—good gracious! we write it with a shudder—he is found at the club. Wherever he is his mouth is ever on a stridentulous pucker, and he never, never whistles a tune. It would be too much to say he is a nuisance! we will say he is a luxury we would gladly forego.

AN industrious wife is making a straw hat for her husband out of the straws used by him in his sherry-cobblers last summer.

AN old Aberdeen laird's wife, when some of her acquaintances were enriching the tea-table conversation with broad descriptions of the many vices of their several spouses, said of her own, that he "Was just a gweed, weel-tempered, counthy, queat, innocent, deedlin, drucken body—wi' nae ill practices aboot him ava!"

A MAIDEN'S SONG.—Tell us not in idle jingle "marriage is an empty dream!" for the girl is dead that's single, and things are not what they seem. Life is real! single blessedness a fib; "Man thou art, to man returneth!" has been spoken of the rib. Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well, and, departing, leave behind us such examples as shall "tell." Stop, young women—that will do.

AN odd invention has recently been made for the benefit of those mildly-mannered dames who foolishly and perversely imagine that "the sphere of woman is home." This invention is a combination of ropes and pulleys, and bolts and nuts, and hooks and staples, and levers, &c., by means of which a cradle, a rocking-chair, and a churn are kept going at the same time. Madame, gently rocking in her chair, sets the ropes in motion which are attached to the cradle and the churn, while her hands are at liberty to darn stockings or hold a novel. This is what it is to be an oppressed slave!

ONE of the saddest cases of poetry of which we have ever heard is that of a young lady. Strange to say, the moment she was attacked she began to speak in rhyme. Ordinary affairs she turned into extraordinary verse; for instance, "Dearest ma, list to your daughter, Give her, O give, a drink of waughter;" and so on. Some of them, we are told, were extremely beautiful. Alarmed by so dreadful an illness, all the nearest physicians were summoned by her heart-broken parents; each prescribed a different opiate, and by this means poetry was conquered; she slept—her life was saved.

A CANTERBURY gentleman saw his boy in front of the house throwing a ball in the air, last week. He hadn't played ball himself for thirty years, and knew nothing of the kind of ball cricket clubs have introduced in the past few years; but he felt the old spirit rising in him at the memory of former triumphs, and he held up his hands and told his son to "let her slide." She slid. He caught it full and fair, then dropped it, and started into the house, with his eyes full of tears and his hands pressed under his arms. The youth subsequently informed another boy that he could plainly hear the "old-man's" bones snap.

THE following story is good:—"Scenery. A roadside station of the Blyth and Tyne Railway. Time: Saturday morning. A swell, in a first-class carriage, smoking a cigar. Two pitmen enter, to swell's infinite disgust. Swell, after viewing them all over for some time, and addressing them with a supercilious air: 'Pray, have you first-class tickets?' Reply, 'What that te ye?' Swell: 'Very good; we will see about it when we get to the next station, as the train has started.' Leading Pitman: 'Oh, very weel, as yer see curious, luck at wor tickets. They are all reet, are they not?' Swell, after examining them carefully: 'Yes, that is so.' Leading Pitman: 'Now, will ye put yer cigar out? Ye know that is not a smoking-carriage,' Swell, with indignation: 'No, I won't; I'll see you—first!' Leading Pitman: 'We'll see when we get to the next station whether you will or not.' Train pulls up at station. Leading Pitman, with his head out of the window: 'Hi, guard! come and turn this fellow out of the carriage. He will smoke when he has no reet to did.' Guard, appearing at doorway and addressing swell: 'You must come out of the carriage, sir; you have no right to smoke there.' Exit swell."

OUR PUZZLER.

90. CHARADE.

My first from China came,
Concave its form or make,
Upon my next it stands,
With tea and toast and cake,
My first from out my whole is brought,
With sweet delicious beverage fraught.
S. SCOTT.

91. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Read down the first's and last's below,
And they to you will plainly show
A term applied across the sea
To members of democracy.
Another hint, if you desire—
I often cause a dreadful fire.

1. This will appease your appetite.
2. A famous Roman comes in sight.
3. Universal this doth mean.
4. And this will name a magazine.

GEORGE J. BELL.

92. REBUS.

A nobleman's initials disclose,
When the following words you have placed in rows.
To enable my reader to solve it the better,
I may add that each word ends with the same letter.

1. A sentence short.
2. In music a part.
3. A kind of cape.
4. Of close-fitting shape.
5. Of a shield a part.
6. A plant of some sort.
7. A duellist's onslaught.
8. A sacred concert.
9. Confused now.
10. I'm like a cow.
11. To unlace your shoe.
12. A number view.
13. Now, lastly, see a plant or tree.

HENRY ALWELL.

93. CHARADE.

Another word for happiness
My primal will proclaim;
And all who live in earthly bliss
Should surely know its name.

My second does belong to thee,
Though strange it may appear:
But, when you do the answer see,
You'll find 'tis very clear.

He who has possessions great
My total will express;
And with the poor one has much weight,
Who riches doth possess.

FRED. C. FINCH.

94. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A girl's name; existing; an equestrian; to put off; an English county.
2. An animal; to make a mistake; an article of food; to join together; a serpent.

R. CROSSLEY.

95. CURTAILMENT.

If you do wrong, I hope that you
Receive what total brings in view.
Curtail me now, and there will be
What sails across the deep blue sea.
Curtail again, a beast is seen,
That ranges through the forest green.
Once more curtail, and you will see
A symbol of equality.

G. J. B.

96. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

There are four steam engines, A, B, C, and D. Should A and B run 200 miles, B would lose by 4 miles. Should C and D run, D would lose by 12 miles. Should B and D run, D would lose by 8 miles; and, should A and C run, which would lose?

JAMES ROBERTSON.

97. SQUARE WORDS.

I.

1. In China I am known to dwell.
2. This is superb when acted well.
3. This is a bird whose note is wild.
4. This gratifies both man and child.
5. And last of all, though not the least,
A kind of food for man or beast.

II.

1. To flatter, this will surely mean.
2. And this a kind of plant is seen.
3. Another plant the third will show.
4. And these are worn by high and low.

G. J. B.

98. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

One fourth of gray; a river in England; a town in France; a town in England; a county in England; a town in Persia; an English general; a portion of time; one-fifth of early. The centrals, read down and across, will name an English county.

R. C.

99. DECAPITATION.

A foreign stream I am complete; deprive me of my head,
The residue, reversed, will name an English town instead.

G. J. B.

100. LOGOGRIPH.

Whole, I am a bird; behead me, I am to awake; behead me again, I am a river in England; restore my head, and the centre take out, I am a beautiful flower; change head, I am part of yourself; and, last of all, a letter please drop, and then a number 'twill sure to show.

J. B. HAYWARD.

101. ENIGMA.

When from London to Windsor fair ladies would go,
It is I carry them, as they very well know;
But if in the palace their Queen they would see,
Though I first carried them, they would then carry me.

102. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A poet; to arise; a pigment; belonging to the country; an author (transposed).
2. An author; a river; to lend; a girl's name.
3. A vessel; to hate; a country; a sweet article; salvers.

S. J. DURBAN.

CAISSA'S CASKET.

This week's chess instalment, although mailed to us on the 12th inst., has not been received. If this is the kind of thing we are to expect from the Post Office we shall be compelled to take example by the Governor General and employ a special courier. In the meantime we are anxiously expecting the publication of our missing chess correspondence in the Montreal Herald.

PICKPOCKETS.

I.

Some months ago, while going down Broadway in an omnibus, as I was looking at the people on the sidewalk, I felt a hand very softly and gently making its way behind me, evidently progressing toward the pocket in the skirts of my coat. Recollecting there was nothing but a handkerchief in one pocket and a pair of gloves in the other, I knew that I could not lose very much, and therefore sat still to enjoy this new sensation. The hand had very nearly reached my pocket when I turned to study the "artist." He was a man about forty years of age, plainly and neatly dressed, and looked like a very respectable citizen.

The instant I began to turn toward him his hand was swiftly but quietly withdrawn, and when I faced him he was looking gravely at something on the sidewalk. As I continued to study him he turned his head, and we had a good "square" look at one another for a moment without a word being said by either. He then pulled the strap and left the stage to seek some other sphere of action.

II.

A few days ago, while standing on the front platform of a Fourth Avenue car, I happened to cast my eyes down, and saw to my astonishment that my vest was unbuttoned. As it could not have unbuttoned itself, and as I certainly had not done it, I took occasion, while slowly retreating, to quietly look around and decide, if possible, which of my neighbors had been thus attentive to me. I made up my mind from the relative positions of all on the platform, that it must have been done by a gentleman standing nearest to and just in front of me, and who must have seen me return my pocket-book to the inside pocket of my vest after paying my fare. Yet it seemed preposterous to think so, for he was a very decent-looking man; his clothes were neat and well cut, and there was nothing "loud" or extravagant about him. He appeared perfectly respectable, and it seemed utterly impossible that he could be a pickpocket. I noticed, however, that he carried on his left arm a light coat in a "bunchy" way, which would very effectually conceal his right hand when raised for such an operation, and since I had to choose between believing that my vest unbuttoned itself, or that he had done it, I felt forced to believe the latter. I noticed, also, that he and I were the only ones that were quietly studying our neighbors. The rest had the usual straight-ahead look of passengers intent upon their journey.

I had uttered no exclamation when I made my discovery, so the gentleman in question appeared perfectly at his ease. I felt convinced, however, that if he were a pickpocket, he must be in the front rank of his profession for gentleness of touch, dexterity of fingers, and imperturbable demeanor. After studying us all quietly for a few moments, he made his way unobtrusively to the rear platform, and spoke to a taller, but younger man, who, singularly enough, had also a light coat, carried in the same bunchy way on the left arm. After talking together a few seconds, they left the car on the corner of Fourteenth street, and I saw them no more.

III.

Not long ago a car conductor gave quite an interesting account of how his pocket was picked which I shall repeat as nearly as possible in his own words:

"It was not on my own car, or on my own line. You see, I had got a day off to attend to some business in Brooklyn, where I had to make a payment of \$50. As I was leaving the house my brother-in-law said to me: 'Take care you don't get your pocket picked.' 'Well,' said I, 'if any one picks my pocket he's welcome to all he can get.' When I got to the other side of the river, I went to pay my \$50, but I no sooner touched my pocket than I knew I had been robbed. I was thunder-struck. My pocket had really been picked after all. So I just sat down and thought it all out, and when I got through it was just as clear as noonday. You see, as I was getting on the car, I noticed some suspicious looking characters on the platform, so I just buttoned up my pantaloons pocket, where I had my money. Well, Lord bless you, I might just as well have told them in so many words, 'Here's my money,' for they're all the time on the lookout for just such things as that, and they understand in a moment what such a movement means.

"The first thing they did when I got on the platform was to knock up against me and make me angry, for when you get a man angry you get him off his guard. There was no seat, so I stood against one side of the door, and one of these fellows leaned against the other side, so as to make the passage as narrow as possible. Then another went to push through, and as he came rather too much on my side, I pushed him

off. He drew back, and then, making another push, got through, and then went on toward the front of the car. Well, you see, the first time he went to push through he unbuttoned my pocket. The second time, he slid his hand down and very gently took out my pocket-book at the very time that I was resenting his pushing against me. I saw it all when I thought it out, but it was too late then; so I paid for my lesson."

IV.

A young friend told the writer recently that his mother was sitting not long ago in an omnibus, when she became aware that the "gentleman" on her right was feeling for her pocket under her cloak. For a moment a cold shiver passed through her, but as there were evidently many persons in the omnibus to whom she might apply for protection, she took courage, and recollecting that in the dress she wore her pocket had, much to her previous annoyance, been sewed on the wrong side of the skirt, concluded to sit still and await the course of events. After having been sufficiently entertained by the vain efforts of her neighbor to find the pocket, she turned to him and said quietly, "My pocket is on the other side, sir." The man immediately jumped up, pulled the strap, and disappeared with most amusing rapidity, the contemptuous coolness of the lady having been too much for his artistic nerves.

V.

The passengers at one of our crowded ferry-boats were much amused one day at seeing a gentleman very deftly pick his friend's pocket of his pocket-book and transfer it to his own. They were still more amused at seeing a third "gentleman" take the pocket-book even more deftly from the amateur and disappear in the crowd. The denouement soon came. Number Two asked Number One to let him see his pocket-book, and when his friend could not find it, proceeded with a smile to restore it to him. His smile, however, was soon changed to a look of intense surprise, which was very much enjoyed by the bystanders, for they expected that "gentleman" Number Three would soon appear and unravel to his friends this amusing mystery. But, alas! Number Three never came back. He was, it seems, a true "artist," who had coolly robbed the amateur as publicly as the latter had robbed his friend. In the hurry and confusion of landing Number Three made his escape, so the amateur was obliged to compensate his friend for the contents of his pocket-book, probably resolving at the same time to eschew ever after any such practical jokes.

VI.

While the writer was one day conversing in a car with a friend on this subject, he told the following story: The best joke I know of about picking pockets is what happened to a gentleman named A—, who at the time was President of one of our New York banks. I had occasion to go to Philadelphia to attend to some business in which A— was interested, and in the cars met an old gentleman and his grown-up son. When we reached Philadelphia, the old gentleman declined getting into the coach of the hotel to which we were going, preferring to go more cheaply by the horse-cars. We had got to the hotel before him, and when he joined us he said he had his pocket picked on the cars. He and Mr. A— had been talking with a friend about something else, but catching a word or two of the conversation he asked me about it, and when I told him what had happened, he said: "Oh! I can never have any sympathy with a man who has had his pocket picked. Why, when I was getting on the cars at New York a fellow reached across me very roughly, pretending that he wanted to reach the knob of the door. I looked at him and knew in a minute that he was a pick-pocket; so I just put my hand on my breast pocket, where I carried my pocket-book and papers, and kept it there, while I looked at him so as to let him see that I knew who he was and what he was after."

We then went on conversing about the business that had brought us to Philadelphia. After discussing it for some time Mr. A— wished to show us some memoranda he had made, and put his hand into his breast pocket to get his pocket-book, in which they were. I saw him start, and asked what was the matter, when he exclaimed, with a countenance expressing the most intense astonishment, "Way, my pocket-book is gone."

It was very clear that the man that reached across him had taken his pocket-book, and that he had been ever since feeling the other papers in his breast pocket, and been thus deluded with the idea that his pocket-book was safe. It was a very nervous business for him, for he had brought on about \$30,000 worth of notes of Philadelphia merchants to negotiate for his bank, and he had besides some five or six hundred dollars in bills. He asked me what he should do, when I advised him to telegraph immediately to New York, and put an advertisement in the newspapers offering at least \$2,000 for the return of the papers. He replied, "Oh! no; \$500 will do." "Very well," said I, "try it." He did try it, and received a note stating that \$2,000 were required. He tried to negotiate for less, but was finally compelled to pay the price named. Since then I have occasionally amused myself by quoting to him his own remark: "Oh! I can have no sympathy with a man who has had his pocket picked."

VII.

A well known prestidigitateur was one day showing some gentlemen some of the tricks of

pickpockets. One gentleman remarked: "Well, I don't think anybody could take out my breast-pin or my pocket-book without my knowing it." "Don't be too sure of that," said the Professor, reaching across his breast and patting him on the further shoulder. "I am inclined to think," said he, reaching across again, and patting him as before, "that even so wide-awake a man as you may have his pocket picked. Suppose you show us your pocket-book."

Much to the gentleman's astonishment his pocket-book was gone, and when asked for his breast-pin, he was amazed to find that also missing. The magician then, much to our amusement, produced the pocket-book and breast-pin, and restored them to their owner. He explained that when he first reached across to tap the gentleman on his shoulder he loosened the pin, and the second time he took it out.

The pocket-book was extracted in the usual way by the forefinger and the middle finger, which he had trained to take a strong yet delicate grip, and he had judiciously yet carefully inserted them into the pocket in the course of conversation.

He also explained that one of the distinguished marks of a pickpocket is the position of these fingers when in repose. A man's hand usually, when resting on his knee, has the fingers separated equally, but those of a pickpocket are apt to have the forefinger and middle finger nearer to each other, so that it is possible sometimes by looking around in an omnibus or car to notice this difference and thus be more upon one's guard.

THE SLAVES OF BARBARY.

The number of the Christian slaves was immense. For instance, in the early part of the sixteenth century, Hayraddin employed no less than 30,000 Christian slaves, for two years, in constructing a pier for the protection of his ships at Algiers; and, a century later, in Algiers and its surrounding district alone, there were between 25,000 and 30,000 Christian slaves, French, Spanish, English, Italians, Styrians, and even Russians. There were three denominations of slaves—those of the State in the service of the King or Dey, those of the galleys engaged in the seaports and the expeditions of the pirates, and those belonging to individuals, either employed in domestic, farm, and other labors, or dealt in as an article of commerce, being sold and resold in the same way as horses or cattle. The records of the sufferings of the unfortunate captives are truly heart-sickening. Immediately on their landing, they were stripped of their clothes and sold; and then, covered with a few rags and chained, they were set to work, some in the galleys, but the greater part in the country, under a scorching sun—some in tilling the soil, some in cutting wood and making charcoal, some in quarrying, some in sawing marble, some in the port, up to the middle in water, for nine hours a day; and all this under the whip of a brutal overseer. In many an instance, as described by the missionaries, their skin peeled off under the broiling sun, and their tongues lolled out from excessive thirst, which they could not leave their work to quench. But their physical sufferings were fully equalled, or rather surpassed, by the pangs of their mental pain and moral degradation. While many endured this protracted martyrdom rather than abandon the faith of Christ, others, in their utterly subdued and broken-down state, embraced Islamism, which immediately procured them some alleviation of the cruel treatment under which they groaned. Driven to desperation, several committed suicide, and numbers died from hardship.—*Murphy's Terra Incognita.*

LIFE IN NAPLES.

Every mule wears hundreds of buttons and little jingling bells. The carriages creak as if creaking was the object of their construction. The sellers of newspapers, and in general all itinerant traders, shout in the most astonishing manner. Every tradesman at the door of his shop, or over his stall, makes a pompous oral programme of his rich merchandize, begging every stranger to purchase. The seller of seapularies, without knowing anything of your country or religion, fixes his amulet on your neck; while the shoe-black, no matter whether your boots are dim or shining, rubs them over with his varnish, with or without your consent. The flower-seller, who carries bundles of roses and orange blossoms, adorns your hat, your button-holes, your pockets, without ever asking your permission. The lemonade-maker comes out with a flowing glass, which he places at your lips. Scarcely have you freed yourself from his importunity, when another tormentor approaches with a pan of hot cakes, fried in oil, which he asks you to eat whether you will or no. The children, accustomed to mendicity, although their plumpness and good humor are indicative of proper feeding, seize you by the knees, and will not allow you to advance till you have given them some money. The fisherman draws near with a costume the color of sea-weed, barefooted, his trousers tucked up and exposing his brown legs, his head covered with a red cap, his brown shirt unbuttoned, opening oysters, and other shell-fish, and presenting them to you as if by your orders. The cicerone goes before and displays his eloquence, interlarded with innumerable phrases in all languages, and full of anachronisms and falsehoods,

historical and artistic. If you dismiss him, if you say his services are useless, he will talk of the peril you are in of losing your purse or your life from not having listened to his counsels or being attentive to his astonishing knowledge. Do not fancy you can get out of all this by being in a carriage. I have seen people jump upon carriages more quickly, or stand upon the step, or follow clinging to the back, or to any part, regardless of your displeasure. But if you have the air of a newly-arrived traveller, they will not annoy you with their wares, but will force you to engage a carriage of their choosing. In half a second you are surrounded with vehicles, which encompass you like serpents, at the risk of crushing you, whose drivers speak all at once, a distracting and frightful jargon, offering to take you to Posillipo, to Baia, to Pozzuoli, to Castellamare, to Sorrento, to Cumæ, to the end of creation.—*Castelar's "Old Rome and New Italy."*

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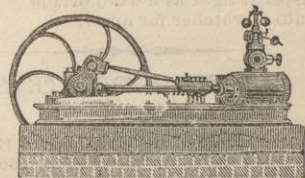
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